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GÜNDERODE.

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GÜNDERODE.

Our communion was sweet,—it was the epoch in which I first became conscious of myself.

The kingdom in which we met sank down like a cloud, parting to receive us to a secret Paradise:—there all was new—surprising, but congenial to spirit and heart; and thus the days went by.

W

BOSTON:

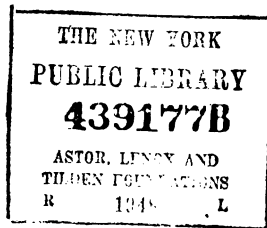
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MRS

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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

THIS translation is offered to the public with diffidence, for the task is one of great difficulty. The original is not a work subject to the canons of literary criticism, but a simple product of private relations. Its negligent familiarity is one of its chief charms, but one difficult to reproduce without in some degree offending established rules of taste.

The letters are published, to judge from appearances, as they were thrown off at the moment in haste and girlish freedom. Many passages are obscure, others are wordy, yet in such wise that it is dangerous either to make clear or compress. In such cases the translator has been content with the strictest verbal fidelity possible to her apprehension of these passages. Mistakes may, probably, exist, for often the meaning of sentences is only to be explained by a general view of the writer's mode of thought; at other times, localities, or shades of meaning, dependent on peculiar circumstances, may have been misunderstood. I had not the advantage of consulting any person who could aid me from an intimate knowledge of the influences under which the two girls lived, and my doubts have been more frequent than in any book I ever read. Still, I hope, it will be seen that the translation retains the delicate lineaments of the original. It ought,—for their beauty has been keenly felt by the interpreter.

I cannot hope to please those who know how to prize the naiveté of Bettine's own German English. To invent such a dialect requires

her peculiar genius and devotion to the task. I cannot boast of having "tried all day for the fit word" with such zeal as to force it to come to my pillow. Neither have I sought, with bigoted precision, to render these wild graces of style, willing or unwilling, into pure English, which many persons wish the translator to do at any sacrifice. The exact transmission of thought seems to me the one important thing in a translation; if grace and purity of style come of themselves it is so much gained. In translating, I throw myself, as entirely as possible, into the mood of the writer, and make use of such expressions as would come naturally, if reading the work aloud into English. The style thus formed is, at least, a transcript of the feelings excited by the original; and is a likeness, if a caricature. Such translations please me best,—foreign works "done into English," as was the simple phrase of an earlier day, when the preservation of thought was the grand object. *Now* people are as impatient of peculiarity in style, as in dress or manners.

All who read this translation should turn again to the story of the friendship between Bettine Brentano and the Canoness G nderode; (Correspondence with a Child, vol. i. p. 83.) Apparently the letters were written in the years 1805—6. "But it was not until long after, at the request of Goethe, that Bettine was induced to "make a perfectly free confession" as to the date of a letter.

This first number contains but few of G nderode's letters. If any fail in this to find confirmed the impression received from the exquisite sketch of her in the Correspondence with a Child,—let them wait awhile. A single page of Bettine's gives some notion of her fresh, fragrant, and vigorous genius. But a character like G nderode's, of such subtle harmonies, and soft aerial grace, can only be described through multiplied traits. She is a soul so delicately apparelled, a woman so tenderly transfigured, that the organs, made use of to observe common mortals, seem to need refining in her own atmosphere, before they can clearly discern her. And, after all, as the loveliest woman is better seen in the love she inspires in some heroic

man, than in anything done or said by herself, so we see Gunderode even better in her influence on Bettine than in her own letters. Bettine is indeed a child by *her* side, the pupil forming beneath her religious care, a worshipping child before the veiled Madonna beauty of her spirit.

If the Correspondence with a Child was offered "to the Good, not to the Bad;" this no less requires the same prefix. To those who have eyes to see, and hearts to understand the deep leadings of the two characters, these leaves present a treasury of sweetest satisfactions, of lively suggestions;—to the obtuse, the vulgar, and the frivolous, they will seem sheer folly, the cobweb tissues of a misled fancy, the bubbles on waters yet undrained. They will be much or nothing to the reader, according to the degree in which he has sought, felt, and lived a pure, a private, and aspiring life.

Boston, 10th March, 1842.

As many readers may be unacquainted with the name of Ganderode, the following extract is given from an article in the *Dial*, No. VII., entitled "Bettine Brentano and her friend Ganderode."

"But the letters to Goethe are not my present subject; and those before me, with the same merits, give us no cause, however trifling, for regret. They are letters which passed between Bettine and the Canoness Ganderode, the friend to whom she was devoted several years previous to her acquaintance with Goethe.

The readers of the *Correspondence with a Child* will remember the history of this intimacy, and of the tragedy with which it closed, as one of the most exquisite passages in the volumes. The filling out of the picture is not unworthy the outline there given.

Ganderode was a Canoness in one of the orders described by Mrs. Jameson, living in the house of her order, but mixing freely in the world at her pleasure. But, as she was eight or ten years older than her friend, and of a more delicate and reserved nature, her letters describe a narrower range of outward life. She seems to have been intimate with several men of genius and high cultivation, especially in philosophy, as well as with Bettine; these intimacies afforded stimulus to her life, which passed, at the period of writing, either in her little room with her books and her pen, or in occasional visits to her family and to beautiful country-places.

Bettine, belonging to a large and wealthy family of extensive commercial connections, and seeing at the house of her grandmother Me. La Roche, most of the distinguished literati of the time, as well as those noble and princely persons who were proud to do honor to letters, if they did not professedly cultivate them, brings before us a much

wider circle. The letters would be of great interest, if only for the distinct pictures they present of the two modes of life; and the two beautiful figures which animate and portray these modes of life are in perfect harmony with them.

I have been accustomed to distinguish the two as Nature and Ideal. Bettine, hovering from object to object, drawing new tides of vital energy from all, living freshly alike in man and tree, loving the breath of the damp earth as well as that of the flower which springs from it, bounding over the fences of society as easily as over the fences of the field, intoxicated with the apprehension of each new mystery, never hushed into silence by the highest, flying and singing like the bird, sobbing with the hopelessness of an infant, prophetic, yet astonished at the fulfillment of each prophesy, restless, fearless, clinging to love, yet unwearied in experiment—is not this the pervasive vital force, cause of the effect which we call nature?

And Gnderode, in the soft dignity of each look and gesture, whose lightest word has the silvery spiritual clearness of an angel's lyre, harmonizing all objects into their true relations, drawing from every form of life its eternal meaning, checking, reproofing, and clarifying all that was unworthy by her sadness at the possibility of its existence! Does she not meet the wild, fearless bursts of the friendly genius, to measure, to purify, to interpret, and thereby to elevate? As each word of Bettine's calls to enjoy and behold, like a breath of mountain air, so each of Gnderode's comes like the moonbeam to transfigure the landscape, to hush the wild beatings of the heart and dissolve all the sultry vapors of day into the pure dewdrops of the solemn and sacred night.

The action of these two beings upon one another, as representing classes of thoughts, is thus of the highest poetical significance. As persons, their relation is not less beautiful. An intimacy between two young men is heroic. They call one another to combat with the wrongs of life; they buckler one another against the million; they encourage each other to ascend the steeps of knowledge; they hope

to aid one another in the administration of justice, and the diffusion of prosperity. As the life of man is to be active, they have still more the air of brothers in arms than of fellow students. But the relation between two young girls is essentially poetic. What is more fair than to see little girls, hand in hand, walking in some garden, laughing, singing, chatting in low tones of mystery, cheek to cheek and brow to brow. Hermia and Helena, the nymphs gathering flowers in the vale of Enna, sister Graces and sister Muses rise to thought, and we feel how naturally the forms of women are associated in the contemplation of beauty and the harmonies of affection. The correspondence between very common-place girls is interesting, if they are not foolish sentimentalists, but healthy natures with a common groundwork of real life. There is a fluent tenderness, a native elegance in the arrangement of trifling incidents, a sincere childlike sympathy in aspirations that mark the destiny of woman. She should be the poem, man the poet.

The relation before us presents all that is lovely between woman and woman, adorned by great genius and beauty on both sides. The advantage in years, the higher culture, and greater harmony of Gunderode's nature is counterbalanced by the ready springing impulse, richness, and melody of the other.

And not only are these letters interesting as presenting this view of the interior of German life, and of an ideal relation realized, but the high state of culture in Germany which presented to the thoughts of those women themes of poesy and philosophy as readily, as to the English or American girl come the choice of a dress, the last concert or assembly, has made them expressions of the noblest aspiration, filled them with thoughts, and oftentimes deep thoughts, on the great subjects. Many of the poetical fragments from the pen of Gunderode are such as would not have been written, had she not been the contemporary of Schelling and Fichte, yet are they native and original, the atmosphere of thought reproduced in the brilliant and delicate hues of a peculiar plant. This transfusion of such energies as are

manifested in Goethe, Kant, and Schelling, into these private lives, is a creation not less worthy our admiration than the forms which the Muse has given them: to bestow on the world through their immediate working by their chosen means. These are not less the children of the genius than his statue or the exposition of his method. Truly, as regards the artist, the immortal offspring of the Muse,

“Loves where (art) has set its seal,”

are objects of clearer confidence than the lives on which he has breathed; they are as safe as the poet tells us death alone can make the beauty of the actual; they will ever bloom as sweet and fair as now, ever thus radiate pure light, nor degrade the prophesy of high moments, by compromise, fits of inanity, or folly, as the living poems do. But to the universe, which will give time and room to correct the bad lines in these living poems, it is given to wait as the artist with his human feelings cannot, though secure that a true thought never dies, but once gone forth must work and live forever.

We know that cast and imitation must always follow a bold expression of thought in any wise, and reconcile ourselves, as well as we can, to those insects called by the very breath of the rose to prey upon its sweetness. But pleasure is unmingled, where thought has done its proper work, and fertilized while it modified each being in its own kind. Let him who has seated himself beneath the great German oak, and gazed upon the growth of poesy, of philosophy, of criticism, of historic painting, of the drama, till the life of the last fifty years seems well worth man's living, pick up also these little acorns which are dropping gracefully on the earth, and carry them away to be planted in his own home, for in each fairy form may be read the story of the national tree, the promise of future growths as noble.

The talisman of this friendship may be found in Gunderode's postscript to one of her letters, “If thou findest Muse, write soon again,” I have hesitated whether this might not be, “if thou findest Musse (leisure) write soon again;” then had the letters wound up like one

of our epistles here in America. But, in fine, I think there can be no mistake. They waited for the Muse. Here the pure products of public and private literature are on a par. That inspiration which the poet finds in the image of the ideal man, the man of the ages, of whom nations are but features, and Messiahs the voice, the friend finds in the thought of his friend, a nature in whose positive existence and illimitable tendencies he finds the mirror of his desire, and the spring of his conscious growth. For those, who write in the spirit of sincerity, write neither to the public nor the individual, but to the soul made manifest in the flesh, and publication or correspondence only furnishes them with the occasion for bringing their thoughts to a focus.

The day was made rich to Bettine and her friend by hoarding its treasures for one another. If we have no object of the sort, we cannot live at all in the day, but thoughts stretch out into eternity and find no home. We feel of these two that they were enough to one another to be led to indicate their best thoughts, their fairest visions, and therefore theirs was a true friendship. They needed not "descend to meet."

GÜNDERODE.



TO GÜNDERODE.

THE prattling spirit in my breast kept prattling on and on to thee through the tangled wood to Trages, where all were already asleep. They woke and said it was already past one; in the country they blow out time at night, like a torch which one would save. When I told them that you came with us as far as Henault, they all would fain have had thee here, each one for himself alone; then had I been deprived of thee as much as now. Through thee glows the spirit, like the sun through young leaves; it is with me as with the bud brooding in the sun; when I think of thee it warms me, and I expand my leaves in joy and pride, and often grow restless, so that I cannot remain in my place, but must forth into the field, into the wood—in the open air can I think of all which was impossible to me in the chamber—then fly my thoughts over the hills, and I look after them. They are all gone to-day to Meerholz, to see our cousin with the too large nose. I am alone at home; I said I wanted to write, but the nose was the true reason.

I have just come out of the Linden walk, and lived through the storm with the trees; they give a good example, how we should be steadfast in bad weather; lightning and thunder kept following one another so quick till they were quite out of breath; now all the woods are at rest. I

was wet, but the rain so warm, it had not mattered if it had rained yet harder; soon was it fine weather, with a rainbow resting on the cornfield. I chased it half an hour and came no nearer, then I thought how oft all seems near which one wants, and yet with utmost zeal we can never get a step nearer it. If the beauty from heaven beams not down upon us of its own will, it is in vain to run to meet it. I have been running the whole afternoon; but here they come in the carriage.

SUNDAY.

Yesterday, at twilight, I was walking alone in the fields. Then came into my mind all our talk, as we were riding from Frankfort, about which of us two should die first. I have been here eight days, yet that talk is still sounding in my ears. "There is other space beside this little day-and-world history in which the soul may satisfy its thirst to be by itself something," saidst thou. Then felt I, and feel it again and always, if thou wert not, what would the whole world be to me? no opinion, no human being has influence over me but thou. I am dead already, if thou dost not bid me rise up and live on and on with thee; I feel with certainty my life wakes up only when thou callest, and will perish if it cannot continue to grow in thee. Thou hast said that thy desire is to be free; but I do not desire to be free, but to take root in thee, a wood-rose refreshing itself in its own fragrance, it opens its bosom to the sun, but then—if the earth crumbles away from its roots, all is over. Yes, my life is insecure, without thy love in which it is planted, it will never come to blossom, and a feeling has come upon me, as if thou mightst forget me; but this perhaps is only because this weather is so pale and cold, and when I think on the fiery radiance with which thou hast so oft shone through my soul—abide with me yet.

BETTINE.

TO BETTINE.

I have had many thoughts of thee, dear Bettine. Some nights ago I dreamed thou wast dead; I wept bitterly at it, and the dream left, for many days, a mournful echo in my soul. When I came home at evening I found thy letter; I felt both joy and surprise to find such a correspondence between my dream and thy thoughts.

Clemens arrived yesterday evening. I wish thou wert here, then he would find it pleasanter and more like a home; if thou comest not soon, I think he will go to thee.

Shall there be in this letter no word that can give thee pleasure. Thou art turning it on all sides to see if there is nothing about a certain Russian cabriolet; but thou wilt find nothing, for in all this time I have seen him only two minutes, then he was on horseback and spoke no reasonable word. Be merry, Bettine, and put cabriolets out of thy heart. Present my friendly greetings to Savigny; I hold him dear, but cannot come to Trages.

Have the kindness to ask Sanchen if I did not leave my Chignon comb and chain at your house. If you come not soon, write of your life to her who loves you. CAROLINE.

On my return from Henault I turned our talk into a poem, but it broke a little. I would the piece were nobler, or rather I would it were more melodious; but it contains much at which we glanced while talking. You write with more music in your letters. I wish I could learn the art.

MANES.

Scholar. Wise Master, I was in the catacombs of the Swedish kings. I drew near the coffin of Gustavus Adolphus with singular and painful feelings; his deeds passed through my mind. I saw at one moment his life and death; his superabundant activity, and the deep repose in which he,

sleeping, encounters now the second century. I recall the barbarous age in which he lived ; my mind is like a deep pit from which the shadows of the past are flitting upwards. Tears for his death fell as warm as if it had chanced to-day. Lost, gone, said I to myself ; is this all the fruit of the great life ? Ah ! I could not abide by the pit. I sought distraction ; I sought pains of another kind, but the subterraneous gloomy spirit pursued me. I could not shake off the sadness that lay upon my thoughts like a mourning veil ; my own time seems worthless and void ; passionately am I drawn into the past. Is it past ? O that I were so also, and had never seen this bad time in which the greatness of that former world is quite gone and lost.

Teacher. Nothing is lost, young Scholar ; that can in no wise be ; only the eye cannot follow an infinite series of consequences. Beside, how canst thou say that is lost which works so powerfully on thyself. Thy own destiny and present life are less to thee than the memory of the great King. Is not this the life now in thee, or dost thou esteem life only as somewhat fleshly and visible, considering as dead and lost what works and is in thought alone ?

Scholar. If it is life, it is but the life of a shadow ; then is the memory of the past more than a pale shadowy reality.

Teacher. The present is but a fleeting moment, it passes while thou art realizing it ; the consciousness of life is its memory ; in this sense alone canst thou regard the past, whether its date be long since or a moment ago.

Scholar. Thou sayest truly. The great man then lives not in me after his own law, but after mine ; and how I receive, how and whether I remember him ? —

Teacher. Truly, that life alone is continued in thee, which thy mind is fitted to receive, in so far as it is congenial ; what is of other nature in thee remains uninvaded, or that which thou receivest cannot work ; the limitation is the

same in all matters. That which thou art not mentally prepared to receive is lost upon thy mind, as colors on a blind man's eye.

Scholar. I must then believe that nothing is lost, as all causes live in their consequences, but only work on what is fitted to receive them. The world may be satisfied with this certainty, that nothing is lost. With this continuous life, I am not satisfied; I long to be received into the bosom of the past—long for immediate relations with its great spirits.

Teacher. And dost thou fancy this possible?

Scholar. I should have fancied it impossible before I desired it so fervently yesterday; I should have esteemed my wish a folly; to-day so desirous am I to believe possible this connection with the world of spirits, that I am near believing it.

Teacher. I think the shade of the great Adolphus has opened thy inner eye to the light. Hear me, then; as all the parts of harmony have a necessary connection, whether obvious to sense or not, so surely are we in connection with that part of the world of spirits, which harmonizes with us. Likeness, in the thoughts of different men, is, in the spiritual sense, already connection, even if they know not of one another's existence, nor does the death of a man, who is in this connection with me, disturb it; death is a chemical process, a separation, but not annihilation of powers. It does not break the bond between me and a mind like mine; but the progress of the one, and the indolence of the other, may break it, as one who has advanced far in the paths of knowledge, can no more meet the still ignorant friend of earlier years. Thou canst easily apply this, both as to general and particulars.

Scholar. Perfectly; you say harmony of powers constitutes the connection, and death cannot break it; for it only separates, not annihilates, these powers.

Teacher. Only the withdrawal of that which was the condition of harmony, can annihilate it, and a connection with the souls of those departed, may continue to exist so long as they have not ceased to harmonize with us.

Scholar. I understand that.

Teacher. All that is important is to become aware of the fact. Pure spiritual facts cannot be obvious to our senses; they are not discerned through the eye or ear, but through the organ appropriate to them—through the inner sense, on which they work direct. This inner sense, the deep and delicate organ of the soul, is scarcely developed at all by common men; only in each lies the germ. The din of the world, the intercourse with men, shallow in its origin, and addressed to what is superficial, prevent the soul from being conscious of its organ; and what has been revealed by it, through all times, has encountered multitudes of sceptics and scorners, and even to this day is its perception and use an extraordinary feature in the lives of extraordinary men. Without reference to unspiritual apparitions, I feel, clearly, that the inner sense may be so excited as that the inner apparition shall become palpable to the bodily eye, as, on the other hand, the outward apparition is palpable to the spiritual eye. Thus I need not to explain all marvels through imposture or illusion of the senses, yet I know, in the language of the world, this development of an inward sense is called imagination.

He, whose spiritual eye has been opened to the light, sees things in harmony with his being, invisible to others. From this inner sense have proceeded the religions, all the apocalypses, of ancient and modern times. Out of this power to discern connections, too subtle for the perception of those whose inner eye is still closed, arises the gift of prophecy; that is, of binding together the past and future, and following out causes to their inevitable results. Prophecy is a percep-

tion of the future. The prophet's art cannot be learned; the sense for it is a mystery, and mystically developed; it reveals itself as the swift lightning, which instantly seeks again its grave, in the dark night. We cannot call up spirits, by spells, at our own will; but they can reveal themselves to the spirit, the inner sense can discern them, and the susceptible mind receive.

The teacher was silent, and his hearer left him. Many thoughts were busy within, and his whole soul was earnestly bent to make what he heard his own.

TO GÜNDERODE.

Thou knowest Vostel is here; he is always running after me and saying, "Bettine, why are you so unamiable?" I then ask him, what shall I do to become more amiable? "Do like your sister, Loulou; talk quietly with people, and show some sympathy if they talk to you. At present, if we wish to show you that regard that is due to a girl already of an important age, it is not possible; you are like a young cat running after a mouse; while we are doing you the honor to talk to you, you are climbing on chairs and sideboards; you are up before the old family portraits, and seem to pay much more regard to them than to us who are living." Indeed, Herr von Vostel, that is only because they are so entirely overlooked and forgotten; nobody speaks to them, and I feel about them as you do about me. Out of sympathy you talk to me, poor little fledgling that I am, and that infects one so, that I want to show sympathy for these painted big wigs. "Are you crazy? Why should you show sympathy to an old picture?" As you show it to me. "But the pictures have no feeling of it." Ei, and I have no feeling of it. "Well, I swear I pity you, you are on the way to the madhouse."

I should not tell you such a silly story, if it had not caused such an uproar, for Clemens would not permit this from the

good Vostel ; they talked very big, from Schelmufsky to the Grand Mogul, and in the little house, where they were, was such a noise that, from afar, it sounded like a brawl. I went there and waited till Vostel came out ; he was much excited ; I took all upon myself, and begged his pardon for having been so unmannerly, and said, I know not what all, till he promised, at last, to make peace with Clemens and forgive me, since I confessed my naughtiness. I confessed all, but thought, in my heart, what a piece of absurdity he was ; Clemens came out, and then was fault found with me from both sides. I contradicted neither, but soothed both, till they had given one another the hand, and me a good lesson.

Since men are kind, and my heart kindly disposed towards them, how is it that I can talk with nobody ? God has willed that I should be at home with thee alone. The Manes, I read again and again ; the piece constantly excites thoughts. Thou thinkest that thou hast not spoken thy meaning well. I believe great thoughts, when they come to us for the first time, are so surprising, then seem words too poor for their expression ; they seek about for it, and we feel timidity at using that which is not usual ; yet, wherefore ? I would always speak against rule, if thus I came nearer what is in the soul. Music should govern in the soul. Tune, without melody, shows that thought is not fluent ; the soul must produce means through which the stream of thought can flow. Thy letter is wholly melodious to me, more so than thy speech. "If thou art not to return soon, write again to her who loves you." These words have a melodious flow, and then, "I have such dreary thoughts of thee, dear Bettine. Some nights ago, I dreamed thou wast dead. I wept bitterly at it, and the dream left, for many days, a mournful echo in my soul." It would be I, dearest Gûnderode, who would weep if forced to leave thee here

and go into another world ; I cannot think it would be possible for me to come to myself without thee. The musical sound of those words is like the pulse-beats of feeling ; it is living love ; that feelest thou for me, I am happy indeed. I believe nothing true can arise in the spirit, without music, and that only the spirit which is well attuned, can feel itself free. I cannot say it clearly ; what I mean is, that we can receive the spirit of no book, or even read it, unless it brings its inborn melody ; it becomes conceivable and sensible only through this melody. And, while I think of it, must not all be untrue that is wanting in melody ? Thy Schellings and Fichtes and Kants, are to me quite inconceivable beings. What pains have I been at with them, and only now run away because I would make a pause. Attraction, Repulsion, Highest Potency !

Knowest thou how it is with me ? I get my head in a whirl, and then am ashamed, yes, truly ashamed, thus to use pickaxes to get something from all this speech, and that a man born healthy must think his head into regular bumps and graft on the soul so many physical ills. Is not the philosopher fearfully presumptuous ? Or, if he gets a thought, does it make him wise ? O, no ! The thought falls like a shaving beneath the carpenter's bench, and is useless to so wise a master. Wisdom must be natural ; how can it need such a repulsive apparatus to be set agoing ; it is living ; how, then, condescend to use such means ? Man must, above all, love nature with true love ; then blooms he ! then nature plants intellect in him. But none of these philosophers seem to me like such an one, who leans on her bosom and trusts her, and, with all his powers, is dedicated to her. Rather, he seems on the watch, like a robber, what he can pilfer from her ; what he gets he puts into his private workshop, and then, what toil he has lest it should stop ; here a wheel, there a weight, goes wrong ; one machine catches in

the other; he explains to the scholar's his perpetual motion, all in a sweat, while the scholars stand confounded, and have not a word to say.

Now, pardon me all this blarney: thou knowest I have never carried my aversion farther than as I have been heated and made rigid; and when thy great theories come before me, which are also philosophic, I say there is no intellect but in philosophy; or, turn it about, and say philosophy is the eternal, living spirit, which will not let itself be seized, nor looked at, nor overlooked, but only felt, working in each one new and ideal, in short, which is like the ether above us. Thou canst not seize it with the eye, canst only by it be shooed upon, embraced; thou canst live upon it, but not produce it for thyself. Is not the creative nature more powerful than the philosopher with his triangle, when he pushes the creative faculties hither and thither—to what purpose? Does he think this exhibition of thought the certain way to draw near to the soul of nature? I believe she will hardly tolerate one who has pinched himself into a philosopher.

“Wie ist natur so hold und gut, die mich am busen halt.”

“How gentle and good is Nature thus to hold me to her bosom,”

sounds like a joke upon philosophers. But thou art a poet, and all that thou sayest is holy truth. “We cannot call up spirits by the spells of magic, but they can reveal themselves to the soul; the prepared soul can receive them; by the inner sense may they be discerned.” Now, truly, if the whole world of to-day did not understand what thou hast said in those words, and I believe it would in vain be spoken to the world, yet am I the scholar, who will strive, with all his force, to make what he has heard his own, and from this doctrine shall my happiness bloom up, not because I have learnt, but because I feel it; it has become in me a germ, and takes deep root; it expresses my nature, or, rather, it is the holy

word, "Let there be," which thou hast uttered over me. At night I read it in bed, and feel no more alone and a nothing in the world; I think as the spirit must reveal itself to spirits, so must it come to mine. To that which the world calls "extravagant imagination," will I sacrifice in silence, and keep my mind clear from all which may injure my power of receiving it; for I feel within me a conscience which secretly warns me when I should avoid this and that. As I talk with thee to-day, I feel there is an unconscious consciousness, that is, feeling, and that the soul is unconsciously made living, so must it be among the spirits—but no more of that. Through thee nature breathes on me and awakes my soul, as the bud is called out into leaves. Ah! just now, a great bird flew up against the window and frightened me so; it is already past midnight. Good night.

TO BETTINE.

"It seems to me sometimes quite too absurd, dear Bettine, that thou shouldst, with such solemnity, declare thyself my scholar, when I might as well hold myself thine; yet it gives me much pleasure, and there is, also, a truth in it, if the teacher feels himself stimulated by the scholar; thus may I, with some reason, call myself thine. Many new insights are brought me by thy opinions and by thy divinations, in which I confide; and since thou art so loving as to name thyself my scholar, I may sometime marvel to see over what a bird I have been brooding.

"Thy story of Vostel is quite pleasant; nothing dost thou love better than to take the sins of the world upon thyself—to thee, they are no burden, they give thee wings rather for gaiety and whim; we may think God himself takes pleasure with thee. But thou wilt never be able to make men esteem thee something better than themselves. Yet however genius makes to itself air and light, it is always ethereal-wise, even

when it bears on its pinions all the load of Philisterei. In such matters thou art a born genius, and in these can I only be thy scholar, toiling after thee with diligence. It is an amusing play in the circle that while others complain of thy so called inconsequences, I secretly lament that my genius does not lead to such "Careless away over the plains, where thou seest no path dug before thee by the boldest pioneers." Yet, always do one thing at a time, do not begin so many all confusedly. In thy chamber it looked like the shore where a fleet lies wrecked. Schlosser wanted two great folios that he lent you three months ago, from the city library, and which you have never read. Homer lay open on the ground, and thy canary-bird had not spared it. Thy fairly designed map of the voyages of Odysseus lay near, as well as the shell box with all the Sepia saucers and shells of colors; they have made a brown spot on thy pretty straw carpet, but I have tried to put all once more into order. Thy flageolet, which thou couldst not find to take with thee, guess where I found it; in the orange-tree box, on the balcony; it was buried in the earth up to the mouth-piece; probably thou hast desired, on thy return, to find a tree of flageolets sprouting up. Liesbet has bountifully watered the tree, and the instrument has been all drenched. I have laid it in a cool place, that it may dry gradually and not burst; but what to do with the music, that lay near by, I cannot tell; I put it in the sun, but before human eyes can'st thou never show it again. The blue ribbon of thy guitar has been fluttering out of the window, to the great delight of the school children opposite, ever since thy departure. I chid Liesbet a little for not having shut the window; she excused herself, because it was hid by the green silk curtain, yet, whenever the door is open, there is a draught. The sedge upon the glass is still green. I have given it fresh water. In thy box, where are sowed oats and I know not what else,

all has grown up together ; I think there are many weeds, but, as I cannot be sure, I have not ventured to pull anything up. Of books, I have found on the floor Ossian,—Sacontala,—the Frankfort Chronicle, the second volume of Hemsterhuis, which I took home with me because I have the first already : in Hemsterhuis lay the accompanying philosophical essay, which I pray thee present to me, unless thou hast some special value for it ; I have more of the same sort from thee, and, as thy dislike to philosophy makes thee esteem them so lightly, I should like to keep together these studies against thy will ; perhaps in time they will become interesting to thee. Siegwart, a romance of the olden day, I found on the harpsichord with the inkstand lying on it ; luckily, there was little ink, yet wilt thou find thy moonlight composition, over which it has flowed, not easy to decipher. I heard something rattle in a little box, in the window sill, and had the curiosity to open it, then flew out two butterflies, which thou hast put in as chrysalises. Liesbet and I chased them into the balcony, where they satisfied their first hunger in the bean blossoms. From under the bed, Liesbet swept out Charles the Twelfth, the Bible, and also a glove which belongs not to the hand of a lady, in which was a French poem ; this glove seems to have lain under thy pillow ; I did not know thou hadst ever busied thyself with writing French poems in the old style. The perfume of the glove is very pleasant, and reminds me of something which gives me a notion where its fellow may be ; yet be easy about thy treasure, I have fastened it up behind Kranach's Lucretia, and there, at thy return, it may be found. I saw two letters among many written papers ; the seals were unbroken ; one was from young Lichtenberg, of Darmstadt, the other from Vienna. What acquaintances hast thou there, and how is it possible that one who so seldom receives letters, should not be more curious, or, rather, so careless about them ?

left them on thy table. All is now in tolerable order, so that thou mayst, diligently and comfortably, continue thy studies.

I have, with true pleasure, described to thee thy chamber, for it, like an optic mirror, expresses thy apart manner of being, and gives the range of thy whole character; thou hast brought together various and strange materials to kindle the sacrificial flame; it is burning; whether the gods are edified thereby is to me unknown.

If thou findest Muse, write soon again.

CAROLINE.

Paper sent with the preceding letter.

APOCALYPTICAL FRAGMENT.

1. I stood on a high rock in the Mediterranean sea; before me, the East; behind me, the West; and the wind lay still upon the sea.

2. The sun sank; scarcely was it hid from sight, than the dawn of morning began to rise. Morning, noon, evening, and night chased one another in giddy haste across the dome of heaven.

3. Astonished, I saw them circle round; my blood, my thoughts, moved not more swiftly. Time, while it without me conformed to new laws, went on within me at its wonted pace.

4. I would have rushed into the morning-red, or have bathed myself in the shadows of night, hastily, with her, flowing on, away from this slow life; but sunk in contemplation, I grew weary and fell asleep.

5. Then saw I before me a sea, girt in by no shore, neither to the East, the South, the West, or the North. No breeze swelled the waves, but from its depths was moved, as if excited by inward fermentation, the immeasurable sea.

6. And many forms rose from the depths of the sea, and mists arose, and were lost in the clouds, and again, in sudden lightnings, saluted the parent waves.

7. And always more manifold arose these forms from the deep. I was seized with giddiness and dread; my thoughts were driven hither and thither, like a torch by the storm-wind, till my memory was extinguished.

8. As I again awoke, and began to know of myself, then I could not tell whether I had slept ages or minutes; for, in the dull, confused dream, there had been nothing to remind me of time.

9. It was dark within me, as if I had rested in the bosom of the sea, and risen from it like the other forms; to myself I seemed a drop of dew; I moved merrily to and fro in the air, and rejoiced, and my life was that the sun mirrored himself in me, and the stars looked upon me.

10. I let myself be borne upon the breezes, I joined myself with the evening-red, to the ocean-colored drops; I ranged myself with my playfellows round the moon, when she would hide herself, and accompanied her path.

11. The past was entirely past; I belonged to the present solely; a longing was in me, which knew not its aim. I sought ever, and what I found was not what I sought; and with still more ardent longing was I drawn forth into the Infinite.

12. Once was I aware that all the forms, which had ascended from the sea, returned to it and were again produced in changing forms. This apparition surprised me, for I had known of no end. But now, I thought, my desire is also to return to the source of life.

13. And, as I thought of this, and felt more life than in all my past conscious being, was suddenly my mind embraced as by overwhelming mists; but they vanished soon. I seemed no more myself; my limits I could no longer find;

my consciousness I had transcended ; it was greater, different, and yet I felt myself in it.

14. I was released from the narrow limits of my being, and no single drop more ; I was restored to the all, and the all belonged to me. I thought and felt, flowed as waves in the sea, shone in the sun, circled with the stars ; I felt myself in all, and enjoyed all in myself.

15. Therefore, who has ears to hear, let him hear. It is not two, nor three, nor a thousand, but one and all ; it is not body and spirit separately, one belonging to time, the other to eternity, but one, belongs to itself, and is, at once, time and eternity, visible and invisible, constant in change, an infinite life.

TO GÜNDERODE.

I will now tell thee how we live here. Early in the morning, we all go into Savigny's bed-chamber. After a little fight with pillows and napkins, we go to breakfast in the next room. We are all anxious to hit the great Savigny, but he is very discreet, and draws back so soon as the fight waxes hot. Later, they scatter in different directions. We have been out on horseback twice, and I have fallen off both times ; once as we climbed a hill, and once for laughing. Afternoons we often go into the wood, and Savigny reads aloud. Then have I great trouble to listen : on the wood-turf I find too many things to distract me—every moment a weed, or a spider, or a caterpillar, or a sand-stone ; or I bore a hole in the earth, and find all sorts of things there. Savigny says I am too conceited to listen. He is vexed at it ; so I get behind him, that he may not see what I am doing. We go hunting, and I take the little fusil, but only in chase of what thou knowest I am always pursuing, the chimeras of the brain. Yesterday, Vostel wanted to teach me to aim at the birds ; I shot, and the little bird fell down. I never

dreamed that I might hit it, and was terrified; but Vostel made such a noise about my sharp sight, and all the others were praising me for my good aim, that I did not let them see my penitence for this first murder. I kept the bird in my hand till it was entirely cold; in the stillness of night I buried it under the window of my bed-room, not without heavy thoughts; truly it was no deed of my will, but yet it was my heedlessness. As for the bird, all the sportsmen shoot them to be sure. But not I; I would never have done it. Amid the leaves, in his gay lifetime, to shoot down the bird, whom God has gifted with the freedom of flight. God gives him wings, and I shoot him down! O, no! that chimes not in tune.

I have just now got thy letter; hast thou thy comb and the chain? I sent them to Mienchen in a little box. Clemens added a letter to my sister, and a few lines to thee. My chamber pleases me well in its disorder, and I please myself well, that thou thinkest to paint my character in it. The sweetest is that thou shouldst have come at the right moment to free the butterflies—thou comest ever at the right time to make good my follies. What thou art pleased to style the philosophic fragment I give thee, but name it a stiff, ill-whittled beachen twig; it is without speech, without music, unless it be a wooden laughter; to that it is like, indeed, in tone and import. Make me not foolish; I wish to know nothing more about it; thy apocalyptic fragment makes me also giddy; am I too unripe, or how is it that I am so feverish, and that thy phantasies give me pain and uneasiness. "My thoughts were driven to and fro like a torch in the storm-wind, till memory was extinguished." Why dost thou write this; it is to me a bitter thought; it makes me uneasy and full of fear lest thy spirit be lost in total unconsciousness. I know not how, I always feel as if all were life within me, and nothing without me. But thou seekest in higher regions

answers to thy longings ;—wilt “ with thy playmates circle round the moon,” where I can find no possibility of my joining the dance ;—wilt “ be loosed from the narrow limits of thy being,” while my whole happiness is that God has shaped thee in thine own peculiar individuality. Then again sayest thou these sorrowful words—“ I seemed to myself no more myself, and yet more than ever myself ;” thinkest thou this can please me ? “ I could no more find my limits, my consciousness was transcended, all was changed.” In all this is my sentence spoken ; I am tortured by jealousy ; my thoughts seem to transgress the circle in which I can meet thee. Thou art condescending to speak to me of such things, in which I cannot feel with thee, and also may not, because they pass out of the limited life-circle, in which alone I delight to think. Punish me as thou wilt for my stupidity, yet jealousy rages within whenever thou wilt not remain with me on the ground. In this fragment I perceive that thou dost only remain with me a short time, *en passant* ; but I would be with thee ever, now and ever, and unmingled with others ; thou didst weep for me in thy dream, but waking, forgettest entirely to be with me. I can think of life only as it lies close before me, with thee on the garden-steps or beside the stove. I can write no fragments, only letters to thee, and inly long paths, grand views, but no running after the moon, or dissipating into the dew, or melting into the rainbow. Time and Eternity ; that all ranges so widely ; I fear to lose thee quite out of sight, what is to me “ an infinite life constant in change ;” each moment that I live is wholly thine, and I cannot help all my thoughts from being bent on thee. But thou dost shake me from the cradle, in which thou hast pushed me out into the great ocean, out into the waves, because thou wilt rise to the sun, and flow out into the sea, beneath the stars. This makes my head turn. I am like one consumed in the fire, and unable to bear the

water that should extinguish it. Thou dost not understand me, and wise though thou mayest be to understand all, the child born in thy breast, that understandest thou not. I know well how it will be with me all my life long: I know it well. Farewell.

BETTINE.

To-day is it the 19th May; on the 7th May it thundered for the first time this year; that was just the time when thou hadst the accursed apocalyptical fever.

We are to stay here yet fourteen days longer; all is in blossom; the slope of the hill full of cherry-trees; dark-red stems as young as one of us. I go out early every morning to look for the caterpillars' nests, and bend down the boughs and pull out as many of the ugly caterpillars as I can reach; I would have the trees rejoice this year, and not have their heads made bald before the harvest. I do it also to be even with thee; since thou wilt have thy rainbow garlands and moon coteries, and thy rambles beyond the limits of consciousness, and dost forget to come home; so have I my solitary intercourse with the young pea-vines and mirabels, and Reine Claudes and blossoming cherry-trees. Yesterday I went out to Golden Pond, with Gingerich; we made a hut of moss there; the two young anabaptists helped us; he who is so proud of his brown-red beard, the handsome Hans, and the blond George; they both left their ploughs standing and came to help me; they cut down branches of the fir; I bound these branches together with all I had wore about me, with my blue scarf and the Rosa kerchief, of which thou hast the other half; and in the afternoon came Savigny, and lay down well pleased in the hut, and read aloud poems by Brother Anton, and journeys to the different mineral springs, and a poem to Euphrosyne Maximilian.

* * * * *

I wish I could return earlier, and my conscience upbraids me for losing sight so long of all I had begun there; but day after day slips by so pleasantly, and Savigny is so sweet and childlike, that we cannot bear to leave him; every moment one has some secret to confide to him; one leads him into the wood, another into the arbor, and Gundel must make up her mind to it, reserve is not the mode here. Clemens has painted a whole wall full of strange figures, and verses and poems are chalked on every partition. Clemens has painted, in black and white, Wieland, Herder, Goëthe, and the princess Amelia, and added the verses thou wottest of,—now must I stop. I send thee a box with a great bunch of may-flowers; adorn with these thy domestic altar, and offer up there thy devotions for me; these are the flowers I love best. Look into thyself and ask thy heart who stands nearest to thee of all mortals; who nestles most closely to thy heart without any grand requisitions on a hyperborean bliss? and thou must say that it is I who alone have the right to stand near thee, and if thou canst not see it, so much the worse for me, but for thee also.

BETTINE.

Paper accompanying this letter.

THE ESSAY THAT LAY IN HEMSTERHUIS.

There are three things from which man has his origin, not only a part or a manifestation of him, but he himself with all his manifestations. In these three things lie the seeds of him; they are the elements from which created nature forms herself anew into man.

The first is Faith; from this comes the positive part of man, namely, the form, or robe of the spirit. Thought; this is the birth, the visible appearance of spirit and a confirmation of its existence. Faith is confirmation; without this all wa-

vers and takes no shape, flying off at a thousand outlets to regions not yet subject to the plastic powers of nature. For as it is the tendency of nature to work out the everlasting material, Time, so is it the tendency of the material to repel form, and never to receive it till conquered by nature in blessed combat.

Faith is the manifestation of God in Time; Faith is eternal assurance. The manifestation of God is eternal in each moment, and so is man eternal, for he is the manifestation of God. God is all good as opposed to nothingness, that is to say evil.

Thence is all in man which is, the manifestation of God; he comprehends only through God and faith in him, because his existence is Faith, his essence God.

What man sees with his eyes without himself, is the sight of God in him; what he hears with his ears without himself, is the voice of God in him; but what he feels with his whole body and mind without himself, is the touch of God, the spark of inspiration in him; but what is in him that shapes and forms, is spoken to and led to recreate what it finds formed without; in him also lies Time, and the work of Creation is no other than to change Time into Eternity; he who neither transforms Time into Eternity, nor draws Eternity down into Time, he works the bad, for all which has an end is bad.

But to draw down Eternity into Time, that is as much as to say that Time can have power over Eternity, nothingness get the better of creative power, the material gain mastery over the master who works in it.

Evil is suicide, for the will of annihilation is temporal, and the thought contains within itself the seeds of its destruction; because it is the robe of the finite, not a visible apparition of the eternal spirit; and here rebels the material, Time, against its master, the destiny of Eternity.

If one says, man is born in good, this is true, because he is born in faith ; but if one says he has nothing bad, but only attracts it, this is not true, for he has the power to repel from himself the bad, not to attract it to himself, for the bad is Time, and serves as nourishment for the Divine and Eternal ; but Time consumes the divine, if not consumed by it. It is bad when the temporal, the earthly, devours the heavenly ; but good when the eternal, heavenly, transmutes the earthly into itself and turns all to God.

Yet God has not the temporal in himself, for his existence is the transformation of the temporal into the heavenly, because he is, so is eternity.

Reason is a pillar, firmly planted in man. It is eternal and a prop of heaven, because it is rooted in us, and one with us rises its head into the clouds ; at its foot lies Time ; as the spirit is unfolded from the material, so is Eternity unfolded from Time ; through reason the spirit grows into Eternity, and thus is man transformed from an earthly into a heavenly being.

FRANKFORT.

TO BETTINE.

Melons, ananas, figs, grapes, and peaches, with the profusion of southern blossoms, which just now may be carefully packed away in your house, have given me the desire to send you the violet and narcissus nosegay, (change and constancy,) and I wish I could have sent myself also. The heliotrope, with the pinks and jasmine, is a separate nosegay from Gontard to thee ; he wished me to let thee know of it. Thy absence is now very gloomy to me. Destiny aids thy love of dissipation, so that with you it is an eternal wandering, coming and going. I pray thee write how long you stay, or expect to stay. Before, I did not wish that thou shouldst stay, and, now, wert thou but here ! It is no cheer-

ful time with me; no Muse, and no inspiration for her; one depends on many things to which we are not willing to ascribe any influence. The habit of expecting thee in the afternoon, hangs like a broken bell-rope in my head. Always must I listen, whether I may not hear thy step in the distance.

A summer in town! It threatened me like a demon, to neglect the clear heavens. My walks about the Eschenheim gate are killing. The Englishmen, also, will visit you this week; all are going away.

Write to me much; also of my friends; then shall I send more. That I, as Narciss, break a lance against thee with more success than in talk, where thou always hast the better, thou must agree. I think thou mightst be satisfied, so to be felt through thy own fresh nature, that thou art sure of me. He who can be something in the whole, will know how to make himself felt, and so will change return always to constancy, for there is home. Thou art not, to-day, what thou wast yesterday, and yet art thou an eternal sequence of thyself. Besides, it seems to me extremely perverse, through selfishly insisting on that which is only sunshine, a transient gift of the gods, to encumber the freedom of the spirit. Truth, growing up in the soul which loves, cherishes it to a strong tree, till no iron is sharp enough to cut it down; but, before the trunk grows strong of itself, can you exact nothing from it; by making demands on its growing life, you blight it, and, when it is full-grown, it is no more a merit, but a necessity, like breathing; it has no longer rights to satisfy, for it has become wholly organic life. Let it be our care that each impulse receive its proper, organic life; let this be our fundamental truth, through which we unite ourselves with the gods in all that is lofty. Till then, let us meet in their temple of custom, to find one another there, to take hands in the same view; that will foster in us the tree of

truth, till it issue from us both, and grow strong in independent life.

I have often borne myself about with the thought, whether all which can express itself perfect, and living, in the soul, must not obtain an independent life, which then, as spontaneous fires, (like that truth, with which thou dost magnetize me,) penetrates the minds of men, and inspires them to a higher existence. Whatever happens in the mind is preparation for an itself-forming future; and this future are we, ourselves. Thou sayest, all is inward; thou dost not feel the outward world. But is not the outward the inward, or will it not be? From within-out learns man seeing, hearing, feeling, that he may translate the outward into the inward; that is not other than when the bees bear the pollen to the calix it is meant to fertilize. Within the soul lies the future in manifold buds; thither must a pure spirit-flower be carried by living seed. That seems to me futurity. Years pass like a deep slumber, in which we move neither backward nor forward; and real time-progress is only that in which the spirit fertilizes the single soul; in the space of time, real life comes forth, from such single fertilizing moments, as the flower petals close upon one another. What, truly, is time, in which nothing takes place, which is not fertilized by the Spirit. Pause, senseless nothingness! void space which we traverse. But those moments should be sown so thickly, that the whole space be a flower-sea of fertilizing moments. All excitement to develop into independent life, that armed with spirit develops, in the true way, the flowers of the future; that alone is living time; but to esteem ourselves complete, and go to meet a future that is not ourselves, seems to me madness, and as untrue as to say, that our insight is not a consequence of our conception. I have concentrated myself, in order to speak clearly, one finds somewhat incontrovertible, yet cannot express it. Thy jealousy, which I at

first treated as a jest, and then blamed as unjust, has led me to these thoughts. I do not object, Bettine, that thou shouldst so earnestly, and with peculiar right, take part in me more than all the others, as we, involuntarily, for many living thoughts are indebted to mutual contact; and I, more to thee than thou to me; so should this organic taking hold of one another, set us free from each petty selfish feeling; and we should, like youths who are running a race, not give ourselves time to think on anything, but to persist in the buoyant course. And, in the end, what have I, indeed, from all the others? Thou canst well answer that to thyself, and thus win for thy soul a perfect peace.

Write, with thy answer, a letter for Clemens, also; he asked it, in his last to me, and will be much surprised when he hears that thou art at Schlangenbad. Adieu. Write soon.

CAROLINE.

CHANGE AND CONSTANCY.

Violetta.

Yes, thou art faithless; let me hasten from thee;
Like threads thou canst sever feelings.
Whom lov'st thou then? to whom dost thou belong?

Narciss.

Nature has taught me the way to love;
I belong ever to what is beautiful;
I depart never from the path of Beauty.

Violetta.

So is thy love, like thy life, a wandering;
From one beauty hastening to another,
Thou art ever drunk of the same bewildering cup,
Till newer beauty beckons thee away.

Narciss.

In higher charms, then, sinks my contemplation
As the bee-lips in the floweret's cup.

Violetta.

And mournfully then will the floweret perish,
When she sees herself by thee forsaken —

Narciss.

O no ! the Sun has saluted her ;
When the sun sank, then fell the evening dew.
Can she no longer see the radiant one ?
Yet night is sweetened by the beaming stars.
Has she not often seen the sunset fade ?
And night fly tearful in its turn ?
And day and night are fairer yet than I.
Yet, if one day flies, another takes its place ;
If one night flies, another falls upon us ;
For nature in each beautiful thing consoles herself.

Violetta.

What then is love, if it has no permanence ?

Narciss.

Love will wander only, not depart ;
It will have an eye for all excellence.
Has it discerned this light in any image,
It hastens on to another where it burns yet clearer,
Ever pursuing the most excellent —

Violetta.

So will I receive thy love as a guest ;
Since it may fly as satiated desire,
My heart shall never more grant it a home.

Narciss.

O see the spring ; is it not like love ?
It smiles so charming, tender, and the gloom
And clouds of winter days are seen no more.
It is not a guest, but ruler over all things,
Embraces all, and a new stirring
And striving is awake in every being,
And yet it tears itself from Tella's arms,

And other zones glow in its presence ;
To other lands it brings new, fairer day .

Violetta.

Hast thou never known holy truth ?

Narciss.

To me that is not truth which you call true,
Nor that is faithless which seems so to you ;
He who the hour of highest life can share,
And in the present bliss of love never forget
To judge, to reckon up and measure,
Him name I faithless ; he must not be trusted.
His coldly conscious nature will look through thee,
And be the judge of thy free self-oblivion.
But I am true. Wholly filled by the object
Which draws me by the bonds of love,
Will all, will my nature be for the time.

Violetta.

Is there then no love which could restrain thee ?

Narciss.

It is not men nor things that I can love,
Only their beauty, and am to myself so true
That truth to another would be falsehood for me ;
Would bring me discontent, strife and regret.
My desire must ever remain free.
The ordering forces which necessity
Has devised to prevent what is ill,
Must not disturb my inward harmony ;
Therefore leave me to what the moment brings forth.
The hours revolve in eternal circles ;
The stars wander,—they stand not still ;
The brook hastens from its source and never returns ;
The stream of life undulating always
Carries me on its waves.
See all life ; it has no permanence ;
It is an endless wandering, coming, going,
Living change ; various, pulse-like motion.
O, stream, into thee is poured my entire life ;
I cast myself on thee, forget both land and port.

TO GÜNDERODE.

The day we arrived, it was so hot as to be more than insupportable; we threw off our nankeen traveling dresses, and lay down in our under-clothes, in the entry window, before our chamber door, from where, hid behind the trees, we might look down on a terrace where the retinue of the Princess of Hesse, who lodges below us, were taking tea. It was very amusing; we could understand a great deal, and a word from a distance, however insignificant in itself, is always amusing as a comedy. But the pleasure lasted not long; there was a lobster-red chamberlain, whom at first I had been pleased to see running hither and thither, and whispering all sorts of things in the ladies' ears, and a duke of Gotha, with long legs, red hair, a very melancholy aspect, and a great white spaniel between his knees, wearing a liver-colored frock; then many ladies, with their superfluous ornaments, whose caps looked like Nelson's fleet under full sail, meeting the French ships of the line. When two talked together, it was like two ships engaged in battle—sometimes broad-side, sometimes before the wind; at last the ladies and gentlemen separated to walk, and suddenly stood behind us the red chamberlain: Tonie was frightened, and ran into the chamber; but I was not, and asked him what he wanted; he was confused, and said he wished to make acquaintance with the ladies; I asked, why are you so red, then? He grew yet more red, and tried to take my hand. I said No! and went into the chamber; he pressed after me; I cried Tonie, help me to put this man out; but she was so distressed she could not stir, only think; and I leaned with all my strength against the door, as the red man tried to get through, crying Tonie, ring the bell, for our servants were all busy with the baggage. But Tonie could not find the bell-rope. The unmannerly man persisted in coming, though he saw we did not wish it; I could not un-

derstand what he meant, and thought for a moment he meant to kill us. I seized a parasol that stood beside the door, and aimed with it at his lungs or liver, I know not which; he drew back, and the door shut to; there stood I, as one who has been hunted over hill and valley by a ghost; for a quarter of an hour I could not get my breath. I thought really he was an assassin, and had a thousand plans in my head how I should strangle him. Tonie laughed, and said what nonsense—a chamberlain and a murderer! She thought he is only an ill-intentioned, vulgar knave, like most of those who are at courts. But we made the footman sleep before our chamber door, and took Lisette into the chamber with us. I could not sleep all night, I was so disturbed that the man was lying before the door; it is the first time in my life that I was ever distressed by such feelings; and only think, next day our servant announced the red gentleman, who desired admittance, that he might deliver a message from the Princess. I called out, No! we wish to hear of no Princess; but Tonie says, “that will never do; we must admit him.” I armed myself with the parasol, as he entered and invited us to take tea with the Princess on the terrace; at the same time he made many excuses—how he had no idea who we were, as we lay in the window in such undress. I was silent, for I felt indignant at the red man. We went to the Princess, who took me by the hand and kissed me, then seated us in the circle, and the red man came behind me, so that I felt his breath; this displeased me much; I said, go away from behind me, odious man. He ran away, but Tonie looked very grave at me, and when we were in our chamber, again, she chid me for having spoken so loud; but that is all one to me; I could not endure him near me. What do I care, if the princess did observe it; if she should ask me about it, I should say he wanted to murder us in our chamber, and then he could defend himself if it was not so, and tell why he

tell upon us in such a murderous way. Torie does not like to have me to go walk alone in the evening; she says the chamberlain might meet me; so I must always have some body trotting behind me. Nothing is fairer than a walk in the mist, with which, as evening comes on, all the clefts are filled, and a thousand shapes are seen fitting in the valley and on the rocks. But to have somebody behind me spoils it. I cannot make poems like thee, Günderode, but I can talk with nature, when alone with her, but nobody must be behind me, for it is only in being alone with her that I am with her. On the castle of the hill, in the night dew, it was fair also to be with thee; those were the dearest hours of all my life; and when I return we will again dwell together there eight days; we will have our beds close together, and talk all night, and then the wind will rise and make the old roof clatter, and the mice will come and suck the oil from the lamp, while we two philosophers, though now and then interrupted by these pretty interludes, hold grand and profound speculations, enough to make the old world creak on its rusty hinges, if not to turn quite round. Seest thou, thou art the exiled Plato, and I am thy dearest friend and scholar Dion. We love each other tenderly and would give our lives for one another, were it required; for nothing would please me better than to give my life for thee. It is an immeasurable happiness to be called to great, heroic deeds. To offer up life for my Plato, for the great teacher of the world, the heavenly youthful spirit with broad forehead and breast. Yes, so will I name thee in future, Plato. I will also give thee a pet-name, and call thee Swan, as Socrates named thee, and do thou call me Dion.

Here grows a great deal of hemlock in the wet, marshy ground. I do not fear it; although it is poison, it is to me a sacred plant; I break it off as I pass, and touch it with my lips, because Socrates drank that draught of it. Dear Pla-

to, it is my amulet that shall heal me from all weakness, so that I may not fear death, if it comes rightfully. Good night, my Swan; go to sleep on the altar of Eros.

FROM SCHLANGENBAD. SUNDAY.

Here is a chapel with a little organ fastened to the wall; the chapel is circular; a great altar occupies almost the whole platform; this is crowned by a golden pelican, whose blood a dozen young ones are drinking. I heard the end of the sermon as I came in; I know not whether it was the golden pelican, the garlands of gold wire and many ornaments draped with spiders' webs, the fresh nosegays of roses, and the dark panes, where above, just over the pelican, the sunbeams streamed through dark red and yellow glass, that attracted me. The priest was a Franciscan, from the monastery of Rauenthal. "When I hear men talk of misfortune I remember what Jesus said to a young man who wished to be received as his disciple, the foxes have their holes, the birds of the air their nests, but the Son of Man has not where to lay his head. I ask you whether all thoughts of sorrow are not conjured away by these words. He had not so much as a stone on which he could rest, much less a companion who could make him at home in this earthly life; and yet we lament when we lose a beloved friend, refuse to be comforted, cannot think it worth our trouble to venture again into life, but are languid as if overcome with sleep. Should we not be willing to be the companions of Jesus, if need were? should we not wish to be heroes near this great conqueror, who bore so loving a heart, that he must call little children to him, and bade John lean upon his bosom? He was human, even as we are human; what forms us to a higher existence, namely, the need of love, makes us capable of self-denial and sacrifice, was the basis of his divine nature; he loved and wished to be beloved, needed love;—

because such love is not at home on earth he found no stone on which he could lay his head; then this pure need of love became the divine fire of self-sacrifice; he offered himself up for the sake of mankind; his soul shone heavenwards, up to its native land. Like the flame of sacrifice ascends the prayer for the beloved; the prayer is heard, and we feel ourselves all at once purified through this love, and when we consecrate ourselves to the contemplation of it, we become divine through its fire, and it is like the-breath of God, which calls all things into life, every bud of spring. The love of Jesus, which could never on earth be satisfied, calls to itself all those who are weary and heavy laden; these are buds still shut-up, and heavy with tears; the mighty sun of divine love will wake them to the eternal life of love, for this is all the aim of living and striving on earth, Amen."

These few words were all I heard of the sermon; but they were enough, and accompanied me through the whole day; they sounded in my ear like heavenly music, like the beautiful Sunday morning. When all had left the church, I went down into the little round chapel, then came an old woman to put out the candles, and set all in order. I asked whether she were sacristan; she said her son was, but he was away this day. I asked where she got so many flowers, as I had nowhere seen any flower-garden; she said, the flowers are from our own garden; my son cultivates them. I wanted to see the garden, and she was well pleased to have me; it was about as large as our courtyard at home; on the white wall of the house grape-vines are trained, interwoven with high rose-bushes. Roses and grapes, I can think of no fairer union. There was a wooden bench beside the wall; I sat down quite at the end of it, and the old mother near me; it was hardly large enough for us both; I was so close to her that I leaned my hand on hers, as it lay in her lap; she had a hard hand, and said it was from digging

in the ground, which is very rocky here. Thou canst not think how fair the garden lay there in the sun, for now is the finest time for flowers; when nature is served in due order, immediately there is a temple where her creatures rise up like prayers—immediately is there an altar loaded with childlike gifts and offerings; so is the little garden, with its neat gravel walks and borders of boxwood; the box is a true life's-friend; from year to year it embraces and shelters what the spring offers; plants bud and wither in its embrace, and it preserves, all the while, the faithful green, even under the snow; this said I to the old woman, who answered, "Indeed that is true, the box has a share in all destinies." But picture to thyself the pretty garden on the left of the house, with its vine drapery; a wall adorned with jasmine; opposite, in the shadow, a thick arbor of honeysuckle; the entrance to the house is bordered on each side with tall lilies. How many ranunculuses, speedwell, and lavender flowers, a bed of pinks, a mulberry tree in one corner, and, in the other, sheltered against the cold wind, two fig-trees with their lovely, delicately folded leaves; truly, I was rejoiced to find comrades of my own tree; beneath them a spring bursts out into a stone basin; thence can the old woman water her flowers; in the open window hung a cage of canary birds, trilling loud and clear. O, it was true Sunday weather, a Sunday feeling in the air, Sunday feeling in my heart. I pray thee, have a care that my tree be not neglected by Liesbet; soon will its fruit be ripe, if they are as near it as these in the sexton's garden; break them for thyself. The old mother shook down mulberries for me. I collected them in a leaf, and also gathered a nosegay of pinks, and speedwell, and larkspur; as I was standing so still there in the sun, the priest came out; he had been taking his breakfast, which the sexton's wife has ready for him always after church. He had a fair, calm face, with soft eyes, and was

yet young. The beautiful words that I had so lately been hearing from him, shone out on me again from his face; out of reverence, I could say nothing to him, but he looked friendly on me and said, "Ei, how! ripe mulberries so early;" I held out the berries to him; he took some, and my nosegay also, and put it in his sleeve, for I was so surprised, when he came near, that I held out both hands, and did not perceive, till he thanked me for it, that I had offered him my nosegay. Then went he away, and I remained standing as if amazed; but the dog accompanied him, very politely, to the garden gate, where I heard him say, in gentle tones, "Go home, Lelaps." I was well pleased, more than with all the days on the terrace, with my Sunday morning.

When I came home, they were all drinking chocolate with Leonhardi; they asked where I stayed after church. I said I had been in the sexton's garden, and there seen the dear preacher; then came the criticism, and the impossibilities of anti-christian feeling; the man, it seems, is famous, and Leonhardi had been to hear him, from curiosity, and the Englishmen, and Lotte, and Voigt, also two canonesses, who are friends of Leonhardi. Fritz lay upon the bed, looking quite blue after his mineral bath; if this lasts, he will become a Moor. Thou shouldst have heard them all chatter together, and Niklas Voigt jeering them in his Mentz dialect, and Lotte provided with the best of wisdom, and Christian Schlosser. I understood not what each said, or rather shrieked, but still less what they meant. Niklas, to whom Lotte was pouring out her wisdom, reeled like a drunken man around the circle of disputants, agreed to all they said, and then cried out, "In all my life never did I hear such gibberish as these fools are talking; just listen, Bettine; was ever such stuff heard?" Then screamed he again to them they were quite right, and the preacher was a conceit-

ed simpleton. I said, Ei, Voigt—"Now, what then can we do? If you are among wolves, you may as well howl with them; truly the preacher is a simpleton, thus to utter his heavenly wisdom before fools." Then, drawing me to the terrace, he spoke with enthusiasm of the preacher; "Such another man is not to be found among a hundred thousand; a man who suffers his individual nature to be wholly pervaded by God; a living man, who, alas! preaches wisdom to gaping automatons. No man has devotion—devotion of soul has no man! Mouth-devotion and restraint, and decorum, such as are taught to hounds, so is taught the conscience of these men; they understand nothing better, know not that the complete man is no judge over himself, but a living pasture where no judgment shall find place, but nourishment of soul, yielding heavenly food to wisdom; true wisdom can only be received and enjoyed, not judged, for it is greater than the understanding that would look through it; but thus goes it! What helps me the Christian religion? Men are fools, and so must remain. Our Lord Jesus was not more fortunate when he dwelt here below. Had he come down from heaven a hundred times, he would still, like our priest, have preached to ears that could not hear, or to stupid people that would interpret him to suit themselves. Wash my skin without making it wet; that is the history of this piety. Open your eyes and become wise, for our Lord God makes no use of asses, and such you are in danger of remaining, carrying heavy sacks of prejudice on your backs, to all eternity; fit for nothing but the mill in which your heads grow constantly more and more giddy." This is not all Voigt said, uttering his maxims right and left. But now I want to tell thee further of the red chamberlain. Every day we are on the terrace, the ladies giving entertainments there by turns, and the red crab is always coming behind me; so had I a shawl brought from our chamber, and laid down close to

the princess, and seated myself upon it; since I have made this my place every day he dares not come near me; and when, after tea, we go to walk over the hills, the princess takes me always by the hand; she has a sweet, fair, little child, with golden hair, all shining over its head; the darling child, I long to play with it; and here, indeed, they hold me also a child, because I have not society manners, but play ball and run races; but it is not so easy to get at a little princess; she has always after her a governess and guard of nursery women, and it is impossible for me to keep up any farce with a child; I must be with it, under the care of God, not in the sight of men. Princesses! all dressed in gold and silver—to their births come good fairies to make them presents; so we read in fairy tales! What may they not have given the lovely child. The gifts which it yet knows not how to use who shall teach it? Reverence, but no hypocritical respect, have I before the destiny of each child, not yet unfolded, shut up in so sweet a bud; one feels reverence at touching a young bud which the spring is swelling. No talk of grown up men is moving like the stammering of a child in the cradle. Only with thee is speech living; where we, without foresight or after-judgment, can throw ourselves on the wings of thought, and shout and sail towards heaven. Round such a child's destiny would I fain draw a circle. I would put far from him the earthly destiny, so that it might be quite indifferent whether this or that fell to his lot, and only his heavenly wisdom-destiny might rule. Pure good—that is, for childhood, the fountain of refreshment, out of which it drinks health, at night, when it slumbers, then breathes it blessings, even as the slumbering shrubs at evening breathe them as we pass by in the dusk. To rock a little child in the moonlight, would surely wake in the mind sweet melodies. What avails one the world that is so perverted? All that I see done to children is unjust. Magnanimity, confi-

dence, free will, are not given to the nourishment of their souls; but a slavish yoke is put upon them. Had not the child a world within, where could it take refuge from the deluge of folly that is poured over the budding meadow carpet? People say, a child cannot know all things; how foolish! What it can seize, that can it know; else why have the power of conceiving it? The spirit longs like a vine, aspiring up into the free air, and seeks to lay hold on something; then comes folly; from that, really, it cannot suck in anything; then must the childish spirit die out, else how soon would the wisdom of innocence put to shame the cunning of vice and impudence. Impatience, and wrath, and discord, are opposed to them as authorities; men are ashamed before them of no bad impulse; before others men are guarded, hide their faults of nature, but not before children; people think they cannot understand, but should reckon rather on their purity, which cannot be made aware of what is bad; or on their generosity; they pardon much, and count it not against you. But they are not witless, neither incapable of the highest conceptions. Men are so stupid, they reverence their own wisdom as an idol, and bring it every sacrifice except of their own faults; these they never seize upon, nor slay them. The living impulse, full of buds, is not esteemed; to that no outlet shall be given for nature to reach the light; rather must a net be woven, in which each mesh is a prejudice,—never to seize a thought from the free air, and trust that, but to demand and demonstrate all from the Philistine region; that is the road of life, ready paved for the feet, where, instead of living nature, perverted maxims and customs wind them round. Voigt said he could scarce forbear both weeping and laughing, at the examination of the Normal School, to hear the Jewish children so zealously examined about the great deeds of the Greeks and Romans, and think what a dirty life-path they would have to wander :

"Draw, white horse, draw up to thy knees in dirt." Yes, however white, he must remain firmly stuck in the morass; and the whole fabric of education is mere fiction; all is taught by example, and great deeds are shown like the chimeras in picture-books; each man turns about and leaves them there, without farther application of them;" he said, "I am to every one wearisome, but I can assure you the people say you can also be wearisome;" he said, "from a child should pure wisdom bloom out, that all thought be in him joyous religion, without being taught of crucifixion; and his soul must bloom out, on the tree of life, without question of good or bad."

To-day, the tender little child jammed its finger in the door; the princess was much frightened and near fainting, for the child was in great pain. I also was much grieved; it was feverish; now lies it in the bed and sleeps; when it was quiet, the princess went to walk for refreshment; she took me with her; I kept running from her side to gather the flowers that I saw at a distance; she took them with pleasure, pointing out to me which I should pluck; but I broke off very many, and climbed up every steep place; the ladies wondered at my great, wide leaps, and said I encumbered her highness with so many flowers. I bound up a nosegay with the ribbon from my hat, and said, this is for the sick child to play with, not to be put into water; she took the great nosegay, and would not permit any one to carry it for her. The company marveled at my *naive manners*; by this I observe they mean *bad manners*; they think me a half savage, because I speak with them little or never; because I press through wherever I wish to go; because, without permission, I seat myself beside the princess, "as if I had hired the place," says Frau von B. R.; because I come gliding in so lightly that nobody perceives it; because I run away so fast that only the duke of Gotha's spaniel can keep

up with me, barking as I spring into the thickets. L. H. says they blame my rudeness, that excites the dog to bark so loudly; but he never mentioned what I heard from Tonie, that the princess said, "she is a dear child," and the duke added, "a most charming child." So I am content.

My dearest Günderode, amid all the changes and distractions of the day are sounding still the words of the preacher within me, as if this were a holy day. Thou and I are, as yet, the only two who think in harmony; we have yet found no third who can think with us, or to whom we have confided what we think. Thou not, and I not. Nobody knows what we plan together; and, for a whole year past, we have left people to wonder why I must run every day to thy house. But had that priest been in Frankfort, I would have asked him to go with me to see thee. He has, surely, no friend; his own soul must be his friend, that can answer him. I am thinking whether one cannot converse with one's own soul. Where did the demon of Socrates dwell? I think each man may have a demon that would speak to him, but this demon can only answer to unprofaned and sincere questioning; I think, too, no other will must mingle therein, but only the desire to be answered. Question is love, and answer mutual love. Where the question is pure love to the demon, he answers; the spirit cannot resist love, as in me and thee. Ever since I knew about Socrates, is the thought ever in my mind, like him, to have a demon; he had, indeed, an inner sanctuary, an asylum where the demon could come to him. I have sought in myself for this door to being alone, where I could behold this spirit of wisdom, face to face, supplicating for love. But thou say'st truly, a capricious wind drives my thoughts hither and thither like spray. I am carried from one to the other by this dissipating spirit; then is it so empty within me, so shamefully desolate, when I would collect myself. How could the spirit

remain where it is so desolate? Socrates did great deeds first, and never belied his genius; then came it to him. I say to myself, leave off trying; the spirit would come of itself, would thy nature give it a home. I think, too, the spirit must spring up from united nature-powers, and I have no fire-nature which can so concentrate itself that the spirit will spring up from it; yet I would have it so; I long after it. I have it not, but I think towards it, and offer all to it, in my nightly thoughts; and many times write I to thee as wert thou its harbinger, and it would, through thee, learn all from me. Many times, when we were prattling together, by the still glimmering fire of thy stove, as the March snow fell down from the tree before thy window, I thought what shakes then the tree? and then was I at once so inspired as if something listened, and excited me, and thou saidst our speech is filling with gas; thought after thought soared into the clouds, and became like the romantic lights seen above in the balls of mild glow. The rattling of the branches covered with snow; the inquisitive moonlight on the wall; the little fire blazing up; thou and I playing with thy fingers as we talked; all this was so, that I thought the spirit must be near by to separate us from all folly; life, also, was so far off; in the street, as I went home, I met people, and felt as if there was a wall of separation between me and them, and all that was passing in the world. Yes, the world, which also should live by inspiration, as a tree by dew, streams out so many stifling vapors (ennuis) that the soul cannot breathe there.

To-day are the fruits and flowers arrived, all still fresh. Thy letter is still fragrant with the heliotrope and yellow jasmine in my bosom where I have hidden it. What thou say'st seems to be announced to me, through thee, by the demon. Thou hast decked his wisdom with balsam-breathing flowers of speech. I shall and must yield to thee,—must I not? Thinkst thou the demon will be chagrined if I do

not yield to it with the jealousy, and that my passion sparkles up into such proud flames, and will take him prisoner where he has hid himself in thee? Jealousy issues from the spirit of love as were it the demon's self; it is a strongly moving power. I know what I owe it. Indeed, perhaps it is a shape in which the demon clothes itself. When I am jealous my mood becomes divine; all must I disdain; all see I beneath me; because in me shines so clear a light, and nothing seems unattainable. I fly where others toilsomely creep; and, while my heart beats anxiously, in the spirit is a mighty rushing. I feel such high defiance it makes me faint and weak; but my mood sinks not, it is yet stronger when I revive. But what seek I then? What would I conquer to myself? Yes, it is certainly the demon that I descry. When I seized on thy hand and began to weep, it was because the demon mocked me; not for thy secrets which thou hast with others whom I know not—I feel they cannot come between me and thee! Whither wilt thou? Me and thee; nothing touches us in our proper relation, one with the other. But fire is struck out of me, so that I would fain seize him, and cling fast to him, for he was certainly oft betwixt us two, and I sought to seize him as I went from thee. Yes, it is jealousy; how can it be otherwise? How can I flatter him? How trust him? I know not whether he listens to me. But that my jealousy becomes excited when I descry him, that I beat powerfully my wings about him who himself excites me to this, that is the voice of the truth, of warm love. Yes, yes! I need not exhaust myself in preparations; I am no more absent, neither timid. Ah, Günderoede, and now he answers me so gently in thy letter. Thou hast become wholly sympathetic, through him. He has attuned thee, and announces to me, in thy words, how the tree of truth between us will grow up and strengthen, and that I must not be afraid. Indeed, I believe that all comes from him which thou writest

to me ; he sweetens the pauses with dreams of him, and promises that he will fill out all space with flowers of the spirit, as the sea is filled with waves.

Eternity is all-embracing feeling : is it not true ? So says the narcissus to the violet, and she sinks her look into her own bosom, and makes her home in the infinity of love which she there divines and learns to conceive. Not of all is love capable ; yet, when I follow him that is capable of this, I will break through. Where shall my soul set her foot ? Everywhere is she a stranger, except in the self-conquered empire of love. Do I understand myself ? I know not. My eyes were falling into sleep so suddenly as I mused, and I must, tomorrow morning, at seven o'clock, give my letter to the carrier ; my light burns dully ; it will soon go out. Good night, letter. The moon shines so clear into my room, it seems to vibrate. The hills opposite are splendid, sending up their mists beneath the moon. Positively, the light will go out ; but I will try whether I cannot write by the moonshine. I am as pleased as the leaves when rained on in the night, and the sky becomes clear again ; they go to sleep so quiet, because the storm is past. All this time I have been hearing a strange bird shrieking ; can that be the owl, whom Frau Hoch calls the bird of death ? He shrieks close before my window. I am ashamed, but I am a little afraid. My room is so dark, and the light will be out in a moment ; the hills there, above, are so awful, I see strange shapes ; the little fountain, beneath my window, rustles as soft and deliberate as an old house-ghost. Why am I so silly ? I demand a demon to visit my soul, and then am afraid of an owl ! So soon as I thought this, I opened the window and looked out ; the bird flew away ; a thousand stars were sparkling in the heavens ; beneath the window I see my invalid-sentinel, waiting, probably, for the serenade from my guitar, which he usually hears at this hour. I will sing him a hymn for

the Holy Virgin, as it is to-day the ascension of the Virgin, and not Sunday, as I mistakingly writ. I have written all this page by moonlight. Thou wilt not be able to read it; but no matter, there is nothing needful for thee to know. I feel so well, after the little fright, I am no longer sleepy. The moon swims hastily forth from behind the white clouds; it presses on my heart; I must sing, else I shall weep. Good night.

BETTINE.

Günderödchen, those Englishmen are right foolish passengers; they brought me a letter from *L' Ange* that warns me not to fall in love with them. He, with the powdered hair, Mr. Haise, yesterday exhibited himself on the terrace in a nankeen frock and yellow slippers. Tonie saw him out of the window, and would not go down; she is ashamed to have him speak to her before people, he looks so strangely. But he peeped up to our window, and, seeing Tonie, called on her to come down and enjoy the splendid weather; I must needs go too; he put up a great umbrella to shade her from the sun, made her walk up and down the terrace; I ran up and made a sketch of them, which I put into Tonie's work-box, that she always takes down stairs at tea-time, and amused myself beforehand with the amazement that would be seen when it was discovered. But Tonie crumpled the paper up, and wound silk on it, and wanted to pout at me; but I had made her a pretty crown of ferns, that become her so much, enhancing even her wonderful beauty, that at last we went pleasantly together to the ball, where were nearly as many caricatures as human beings. Clemens wrote from Weimar to warn me against falling in love,—a superfluous care; had he but been at this ball! to be rudely jostled is the only danger; L. H. was there, with his sisters, all growing more blue-black every day with their bath; his extra white jabot and cravat made this fact all the more striking; he was el-

egantly dressed; for, having an ambition for diplomatic honors, he neglects no opportunity thus to distinguish himself. So long as we stood at the entrance, where was a great crowd, nothing singular was remarked; but when L. H. stepped forward to pay his compliments to some one, Franz, who sat by my side, perceived that, instead of a coat, he had on a jacket, without flaps, round like a butcher's doublet; this looked quite too droll with his black silk small-clothes, white silk stockings, and shoes with buckles; in short, full court dress, and opera-hat under his arm. He had, while the family were getting ready for the ball, gone into his chamber, where the wind put out his light, to get his coat, and taken up instead this spencer. As yet he had not shown his back to the public at large, but only to us; council was held in all haste and then resolved, two ladies, Lotte and B. should, holding him in talk, gently draw him backwards without revealing to him the dangers of his situation, till he should be saved; meanwhile Tonie, Franz and Voigt formed a little rear guard to protect his back. I was excluded from this enterprize, being unfitted by laughter at the inexhaustible sallies of Franz. The rear guard advanced, cutting off many a wondering gaze from the flapless back; they trod ever more warily, the nearer they came, so glide bird-fanciers behind the bird on whose tail they would strow salt in order to catch it; but he flies away before they can get near enough. Just so chanced it here; just as they got close, and thought to catch him, he turned suddenly round. Alas! I sprang behind the window-curtain, and wrapped myself in it to laugh at will, and presently went away, for I was in too gay a humor for society-halls. Voigt went with me, and narrated farther, that the rear guard let him pass through, then closed their ranks, transporting him like a noble prisoner of state to the entrance; there he halted, was made acquainted with his aesthetic misfor-

tune, and then withdrew with his faithful attendants; surely none of them will close an eye this night, for, as his hopes were turned towards the court of Hesse, there is no knowing how far he may have undermined his fortunes by his skirtless presentation.

Voigt walked with me a while up and down the terrace, where it was so still that we could hear the violins from the ballroom; the clouds drew by, prophesying a storm, and veiling the starry host till they sank upon our hills. The trees stood reverently, awaiting the blessing of the shower; the whole country looked as if it turned its face towards its Creator. Voigt forgot the witticisms with which he had been deluging me; the distant lights and fires, from the cottages round about, sparkled through the dark trees, like fires of sacrifice to the all-loving; as far as we could see, the world looked as if praying our Lord God to grant a sweet night to all, to thee and me, to our whole life even to the last night. So is nature, sweet intercessor, always there; all sighs she lulls to rest, therefore will we thank her and trust her even until the last night.

As to Clemens and his warnings, I have written to him. The lindens bloom, indeed, and breathe sweetly on me, as no man does, and nature is fairer, and tenderer, and grander than all the wisdom of this world. What any man can say to me, thereupon, I would answer by pressing into his hand a fir-cone, or a snail creeping on the path, or a bitten wood-apple; such would be more to the point than the answers that come into my head. No earth-destiny interests me, because I yet have no freedom to guide it. Were I on the throne I would roll about the world, with smiling courage, said I, yesterday, to Voigt. "Truly," said he, "on the new side could it hardly lie more uneasy than on the old. All the tedious persons, that hold such a rank among fools, are an absurd evidence of their ludicrous authority; they have such

a respect for their high vocation, that they dare not speak to their own consciences ; they think what happens through them must be the key of fate, opening through them the future, which already lay there, not to be prevented through their folly ; they dare not venture to form themselves to perfect manhood, and thus to represent the higher claims of man. O, no ! the more closely the requisitions of the time press upon them, the more they think it needful to intrench themselves in Philisterei, and prop themselves with old worm-eaten prejudices, and take counsel of all sorts, public and private, which cannot choose but be perverted ; for the right and true is so infinitely simple, that, even for that cause, it is never brought forward. If all the Pharisees in the government-machine, became suddenly blind, the world would not suffer ; no danger of its going out like an unsnuffed candle." Thus is Voigt accustomed to talk politics to me beneath the starry heavens ; also he said, " listen to me yet again. You are still young, and have more judgment than the others ; where their's is gone, let them ask one another ; their ears itch for falsehood, turning away from truth or interpreting it at their own pleasure, so that it becomes mere fable to them." Voigt will listen to no man ; all clamor against him ; but I feel honored that he interprets to me the earnest greatness of his mind ; I listen to him gladly. He is so short and decided betwixt right and wrong, and loses no time in wavering, so that only a heroic character could follow him. " For a friend one must be able to die. Who will not give all, even his self-sought greatness, to sustain his friend, belongs not to the kind of creatures that can feel friendship. What is feeling ? color, that has its life only from the ray of light, that is to say love ; thus need we have no respect for sentiment, it is mere stuff of the imagination. There are a thousand actions for which one can blame nobody, yet a high-minded person would kill himself out of humility for them ; now, if any man reveals to his

friend all the faults in his nature that contradict him, slays he not on the spot all Pharisees?"

I have not retained the tenth part of what he said yesterday evening, for he is sudden as a smith with his red-hot iron. I asked him why he did not talk so before the others; he said, "if I wish to drink wine with any one I need a goblet into which I can pour it; your soul is such a goblet."

TO GÜNDERODE.

Twice, three times between oaks and beeches and young light bushes, hill up, hill down—then comes one to a rock,—smooth shining basalt-surfaces, catching the sun-beams like a dark magical mirror; between are green moss-seats;—this morning went I thither; it is my usual walk when I am alone,—not too long and yet secluded,—there saw I the mist, like young down between the rock-clefts, floating hither and thither, and above me was it ever more golden; the morning-shadows drew aside, the sun crowned me, it struck back sharply from the black stone, it burned very fiercely, yet oppressed not my forehead; I would willingly wear a crown, if it pressed no harder than the hot August sun; so sat I and sang to the rocks, and listened for the echos, and thoughts of empire rose into my head. To govern the world, according to the maxims which have been produced in the innermost work-shop of my feelings, and to drive out Philistines everywhere, such are the wishes that rise to my head in such a hot summer-morning, and to which Voigt's speech of the stars had now given a powerful excitement; he said "each feeling, each conception, becomes a capacity and a possession; it draws itself back, indeed, but, at a wholly unexpected hour, it comes forth again;" and then I seated myself in a lonely place, and feigned such things out into the blue and came to nothing, except tameless heart-beatings, as I thought that I might quiet the shriek-

ing of the Philistines, who stifle, by their formulas, the voice of the spirit, merely by the government of my feelings; in deed, this would be a heavenly compensation for those blows of the rod, with which they blindly persecute all inspiration. Günderoede, I would thou wert a ruler and I thy Kobold; that would be my province, and I know certainly that I should be discreet before the pure life-flame. But now, is it a wonder that one is stupid. Thus was I beneath the burning sun, sunk in meditation, chasing on a steed, like the wind, to all quarters of the globe, and as thy delegate of lofty inspiration set the world to rights, commanding hither and thither, sometimes with the stamp of the foot, or threatening word, to make matters go on quick—meanwhile I had neglected to read the dramalet, which I took out with me, intending to study it really; but now the impetuous motions of my soul I felt compelled to soothe in sleep, as always I do when my temples burn thus from zeal about the future. O, goblet of the soul, how artistic-rich and divinely gifted is thy rim made so that it may restrain the rushing floods of life, inevitably else should I have overflowed thee. My friend, the spaniel, scented me out, but he waked me with his barking and wanted me to play with him. He barked so loud that all the rocks groaned and echoed; it seemed as if a whole hunt were out; I must shout too for joy and gaiety; he brought me my straw-hat, which I had thrown down the steep rock, with such graceful leaps—so is it when we wish through love to please any one, we do not measure the dangers of the pit, but trust in our own powers and succeed. Ah, Günderoede, it would be much if man would trust his own genius as this spaniel. He laid his paws on my shoulders when he had brought me back the hat without hurting it; in jest I named him Erodion, thinking he must even so have looked up to the goddess Immortalita, for he was so noble and fair and bold; men look not easily out so simply great and

undisturbed in their own, wise, as animals do. The Duke had followed the barking of his dog, and now came forth from behind the trees; he asked why I gave that name to the dog which he calls Cales, this he said was the name of a charioteer slain before Troy by Diomed; I showed him thy poem to explain whence I took the name Erodion. He sat down on the rock, and read it partly aloud, making notes with a pencil; I send these to thee; he has read it with self-collection, and thus truly with love. I know not how often chance may favor thee so that thou mayst touch the more delicate strings of the soul; thus will it rejoice thee. He asked whether I understood the poem; I said no! but I like to read it because thou art my friend who educatest me. He said, "A bud is this little work, carefully guarded from each foreign influence which the great soul of the friend embraces, and in this softly folded germ of a yet undeveloped speech slumber giant powers. The inspiration to recreate lifts up its wings within thee, full of presentiment, and because the world is too unclean for such childlike pure essays to express thy presentiments, so will it not unfold this unpretending veil which embraces thy far reaching imagination and thy high philosophic spirit." With surprise I received the pleasure of this praise. He walked on with me, and as we went would have me talk of thee, of our life together, of thy character, of thy form; then have I for the first time reflected how fair thou art; we saw a well-grown white silver-birch in the distance, with its hanging boughs, which had grown up out of a cleft in the midst of the rock, and, softly moved by the wind, bent downwards toward the valley; to this I involuntarily pointed, as I spoke of thy spirit and thy form; the Duke said, "then is the friend like that birch?" I said, "yes," so would he go with me and look on thee nearer; the path was so steep and slippery, I thought we could not go; but he said Cales would find us out a way.

“What sort of hair has she?”—“Glossy black-brown hair, which flows freely in loose soft curls on her shoulders.”—“And her eyes?”—“Pallas-eyes, blue in color, full of fire, but also liquid and calm.”—“Her forehead?”—“Soft and white as ivory, nobly arched and free, small, yet broad like Plato’s; eyelashes that smiling curl backward, brows like two black dragons that, measuring one another with sharp look, neither seizing nor leaving one another, proudly raise their crests, then fearfully smooth them again. Thus watches each brow, defying yet timid, over the soft glances of her eyes.—“And the nose and cheek?”—“The nose has been censured as a little proud and disdainful, but that is because the nostril trembles with every feeling, hardly taming the breath, as thoughts rise upwards from the lip, which swells out fresh and powerful, guarded and gently restrained, by the delicate upper lip.” Even the chin must I describe; truly I have not forgotten that Erodion had had his seat there and left a little hollow, which the finger is pressed into as poetry-full of wisdom expands her spirit. Meanwhile, there stood the birch so gorgeous, so filled with gold, so whispered through, by the sun, by the breeze, so willing to bow itself gently to the stream of the morning wind, waving its green waves joyfully into the blue heaven, that I could not decide, what lay between both, suits one, and not the other. Cales found with many leaps the way to the birch; the Duke followed; I remained behind; I could easily have followed, but I would not in his presence. He cut letters in the bark, quite low down near to the foot, and said he wished it might be called the friendship-birch, and that he also, might be our friend. I was willing. Ah let him; he will come this winter to Frankfort; at first a prince forgets easily such a matter among many other distractions, for he cannot believe it possible that, if a man but gave himself entirely to one thing, through this alone the penetration, the

force of judgment, the all-sidedness can arise, for which they are all hunting and fluttering about;—besides he is sick and has few good days; for such an one must we fill out from all healing fountains,—Adieu,—To-morrow morning a great party is formed for a donkey excursion, and to-morrow before noon goes the good Princess away, and very early, about three o'clock, the Englishmen wish to climb the hill with us to see the sun rise; the others did not wish to have Voigt, but I would have him, for else I am weary, though the others say it makes them weary to have him there. Early to-morrow comes the carrier woman, I shall send this letter by her, though it is not yet so alarmingly long as my first, but thou art melancholy and I would fain amuse thee a little, and I know the pretty story of the Duke will make thee laugh, however thou mayst draw thy lips together. Grant it may make thee pleasure also? I have copied his declaration of love from thy Immortalita, that from his own hand belongs to thee; he wrote it for thee. Thou mayst put a value on it; I hear he is celebrated, of noble nature, witty, and on that account much feared by many; he is also very generous and kindly, but many would rather have nothing to do with him, fearing his best friendliness covers a secret satire. How foolish is that; about me might any one make merry as much as he would; it would be pleasant to me, if he enjoyed it.

Paper sent back to Gunderode with the preceding letter.

IMMORTALITA.

Dramatis personæ.

Immortalita, a goddess.

Erodion.

Charon.

Hecate.

FIRST SCENE.

A dark cavern, at the entrance of the lower world. In the back-ground of this cavern are seen the Styx and Charon's bark passing hither and thither, in the fore-ground a black altar on which fire is burning. The trees and plants at the entrance of the cavern, and indeed all the decorations, and the figures of Hecate, and Charon, are flame-color and black, the shadows light gray, Immortalita white; Erodion dressed like a Roman youth. A great fiery snake, which has its tail in its mouth, forms a circle out of which Immortalita does not pass.

Immortalita. (*awaking.*) Charon! Charon! Charon!

Charon. (*stopping his boat.*) Why dost thou call me?

Immortalita. When will the time come?

Charon. Look at the snake at thy feet, so long as the circle is unbroken the spell lasts also, thou knowest it; then why dost thou ask me?

Immortalita. Unkind old man, if it comforts me yet once again to hear thy promise of a better future, why dost thou deny me a friendly word?

Charon. We are in the land of silence.

Immortalita. Prophecy to me yet once again,—

Charon. I hate speech.

Immortalita. Speak—speak.

Charon. Ask Hecate. (*he rows away.*)

Immortalita. (*strewing incense on the altar.*) Hecate, goddess of midnight, discoverer of the future which yet sleeps in the bosom of chaos, mysterious Hecate! Appear.

Hecate. Powerful exorcist,—why callest thou me from out the caves of eternal midnight; this shore is hateful to me; its gloom too full of light; it seems to me that gleams from the land of life have wandered hither.

Immortalita. O Hecate, forgive, and hear my prayer.

Hecate. Pray not; thou art queen here, thou reignest, and knowest it not.

Immortalita. I know it not; and wherefore do I not know it?

Hecate. Because thou canst not see thyself.

Immortalita. Who will show me a mirror in which I may behold myself?

Hecate. Love.

Immortalita. And wherefore Love?

Hecate. Because the infinity of that alone answers to thine.

Immortalita. How far does my kingdom extend?

Hecate. Every where, if once beyond that barrier.

Immortalita. How! shall the impenetrable wall that separates my province from the upper world ever fall asunder?

Hecate. It will fall asunder, thou wilt dwell in light, all shall find thee.

Immortalita. O when shall this be?

Hecate. When believing Love tears thee away from night.

Immortalita. When—in hours—or years?

Hecate. Count not by hours—with thee time is not. Look down; the snake winds about as if in pain, but vainly he fixes his teeth more firmly to keep close the imprisoning circle—vain is this resistance; the empire of un-

belief, of barbarism, and night must fall to ruins. (*She vanishes.*)

Immortalita. O future—wilt thou but resemble that blessed distant past when I dwelt with the gods in perpetual glory. I smiled on them all, and at my smile their looks lightened as never from the nectar, and Hebe thanked me for her youth, and the ever-blooming Aphrodite for her charms. But, separated from me by the darkness of time, before my breath had lent them permanence, they fell from their thrones, those serene gods, and went back into the elements of life. Jupiter into the power of the primeval heavens, Eros into the hearts of men, Minerva into the minds of the wise, the Muses into the songs of the poets, and I, most unhappy of all, was not permitted to bind the unfading laurel upon the brows of the hero, of the poet. Banished into this kingdom of night, a land of shadows, this gloomy other-side; I must live only for the future.

Charon. (*passing in his boat with Shades.*) Bow yourselves, Shades, this is the queen of Erebus, and that you still live after your earthly life is her work.

CHORUS OF SHADES.

Silent guides us the bark
To the unknown land,
Where the sun never dawns
On the always dark strand,—
Reluctantly we see it go,
No other sphere our looks would know
Than life's bright-colored land.

SAME SCENE.

(*Charon's bark lands. Erodion springs on shore. Immortalita still seen in the back-ground.*)

Erodion. Back, Charon, from this shore, which no shade may tread. Why lookest thou upon me? I am not a shadow

like you ; a joyful hope, a faith full of visions have kindled the spark of my life to flame.

Charon. (*aside.*) Surely this must be the youth who bears in himself the golden future. (*He rows away.*)

Immortalita. Yes, thou art he, prophesied to me by Hecate ; through thy look will the light of day break into these ancient caverns, and dispel the night.

Erodion. If I am he prophesied to thee, maiden or goddess, however thou art named, believe thou fulfillest to me the inmost presentiment of the heart.

Immortalita. Say, who art thou ?—what is thy name, and how didst thou find the way to this pathless shore, where neither shades nor men dare wander, but only subterranean gods.

Erodion. I am unwilling to speak to thee of anything but my love ; indeed to speak of my love is to speak of my life. Then hear me. I am the son of Eros and Aphrodite ; the double-union of love and beauty has implanted in my being an idea of bliss which I nowhere find, yet must everywhere foresee and seek. Long was I a stranger upon earth. I could not enjoy its unsubstantial goods, till at last came into my soul a dim presentiment of thee. Everywhere was I accompanied by the Idea reflected from thee ; everywhere I followed the trace of the beloved, even when it plunged me down into the realm of dreams, thus guiding me to the gates of the lower world, but never could I press through to thee, an unhappy fate drew me ever back to the upper world.

Immortalita. How, youth, hast thou so loved me that, rather than not find me, thou wouldst have forsaken Helios and the rosy dawn ?

Erodion. So have I loved thee ; and, without thee, the earth no more could give me joy ; neither the flowery spring, the sunny day, nor dewy night, which to possess, the gloomy Pluto would willingly resign his sceptre. But as the love of

my parents was beyond all other, for they were love itself, so the desire which has drawn me to thee was most powerful, and my faith in finding thee victorious over all obstacles, for my parents knew that the child of love and beauty could find nothing higher than itself, and gave me this faith in thee that my powers might not be exhausted by striving after somewhat higher out of myself.

Immortalita. But how camest thou to me at last? Unwillingly does Charon receive the living into the brittle bark made only for the shades.

Erodion. Once was my longing to see thee so great, that all men have invented to surround thee with uncertainty, seemed to me little and vain. Courage inspired my whole being; my only wish is for her, thought I, and boldly cast from me all the goods of this earth, and steered my bark hitherward to the perilous rock where everything earthly is wrecked. A moment I thought, what if thou shouldst lose all, and find nothing? but high confidence pressed doubt aside, joyously I said to the upper world a last farewell, night embraced me,—a ghastly pause,—and I found myself with thee. The torch of my life still burns the other side of the Stygian water.

Immortalita. The heroes of the former world have already tried this same path, courage enabled them to pass the river, but to love only is it given to found here a permanent empire. The dwellers here say my breath bestows immortal life, then be thou immortal, for thou hast worked in me an inexpressible change; before I lived a mummy life, but thou hast breathed into me a soul. Yes, dear youth, in thy love I behold myself transfigured; I now know who I am, know that the sunny day must fill with light these ancient caverns.

(HECATE comes from behind the altar.)

Hecate. Erodion, enter into the snake circle. (*He does so, and the snake vanishes.*) Too long, Immortalita, wert

thou in the night of unbelief and barbarism, known by the few, despaired of by the many, confined by a spell within this narrow circle. An oracle, as old as the world, says, "believing love will find thee even in the darkness of Erebus, draw thee forth, and found thy throne in everlasting glory, accessible to all." The time is come, but to thee, Erodion, remains yet somewhat to be done.

(The scene changes into a part of the Elysian garden, faintly illuminated; shadows are seen gliding hither and thither; on one side a rock; in the back-ground the Styx and Charon's bark.)

Hecate. See, Erodion, this threatening rock is the impassable wall of separation, which divides the realm of mortal life from that of thy mistress; it intercepts from this place the sunbeams, and prevents severed loves from meeting again. Erodion, try to throw down the rock, that thy beloved may ascend on the ruins from the narrow dominion of the lower world, that in future no impassable barrier may separate the land of the dead from that of the living.

(Erodion strikes the rock, it falls, full daylight shines in.)

Immortalita. Triumph! the rock is sunken, and from this time it shall be permitted the thoughts of love, the dreams of hope, the inspiration of the poet to descend hither and to return.

Hecate. All hail! Threefold, immortal life will fill the palè realm of shades now thy empire is founded.

Immortalita. Come, Erodion, ascend with me into eternal light, and all love, all nobleness shall share my empire. Thou, Charon, smooth thy brow, be friendly guide to those who would enter my kingdom.

Erodion. Well for me that I faithfully tended, as a vestal fire, the holy presentiment of my heart; well for me that

I had courage to die to mortality, to live for immortality, to offer up the visible to the invisible.

The following note was written by the hand of the Duke Emil August von Gotha upon the manuscript of *Immortalita*.

“It is a little thing not worthy thy attention, that I esteem it a gift from heaven to understand thee, thou noble life. Looking down upon the earth, thou mayst, like the sun, give it a fair day; but thou wouldst look in vain for thy peer beneath the stars.

Like fresh flower-stalks comes the careless life of thy thoughts before the subdued man; his bosom heaves with deep breathings, as thy spirit plays round him like loose tresses, just escaped from the band.

He gazes on thee, a lover! like still roses, and waving lilies, hover before him thy thoughts, bearing blessings on their glances. Confidential, near the heart are they. They illuminate and beautify his aims, and his vocation, and on the silent paths of night are the stars, looking from on high, the witnesses of his vow to thee.

Yet is it a little thing only, not worthy thy attention, that I esteem it as a gift from heaven to understand thee, thou noble life.”

TO BETTINE.

Thy letter, dear Bettine, is like the introduction to a charming romance; I have sipped it as wine from the goblet of Lyæus; it was the more sweet to me, that I have, just now, care from things such as are indeed an inevitable consequence of life itself, and thence not unexpected; * these I will not impart to thee, because they do not accord with thy way of life. Thou art my bit of a sun that warms me, while

* She had just lost a sister. See Correspondence with a Child.

everywhere else frost falls upon me. I am about to leave town for a few weeks ; yet, if a letter arrives on Thursday, it will find me, the next I shall find on my return, and soon again we shall be constantly together. Let thy letters be right glad some without sorrowful echo ; thy nature is adapted to a free unimpeded enjoyment of life. The gloomy, disturbing emotions, thou hast sometimes described, are only tokens of mysterious fermentations that cannot find room to filter themselves clear ; I see this, when I compare thy present natural humor, with the excited one which fell upon thee here, and made me so anxious about thee. But in truth thou hadst only need to cease breathing the stifling air of the city. Thou art like a plant ; a slight shower refreshes thee, the air inspires and the sun transfigures thee. Tonie writes how well you are looking, and that no trace of the *interesting paleness* is now visible ; guess who cannot conceal his vexation at this ? “ Elle ne sera plus ce qu'elle a été,” was his answer to all my consolations. But I would rather have thee improve at the expense of that interesting paleness, than hear daily that thy animation will be the death of thee ; a saying comic in truth, and that is aimed at me. In truth I did not spare reproaches to myself. What thou called'st drowsiness Sommering called nervous fever. He says thou hast no comprehension of sickness, but hast gone through those of childhood as if they were amusing games ; this one came from excessive study. The philosophic expressions, Absolutism, Dualism, Highest Potency,* with which thou wert always playing ; in thy feverish fancies, bore witness against me. I have firmly resolved this winter only to undertake with thee such things as agree with thee entirely. I was not alone to blame ; others in whom I confide and who thought like me of thy sense for philosophy, also thought it ought to be developed. I followed, innocently, my instructions, es-

* See Correspondence with a Child.

teeming thy opposition to arise from thy wonted reluctance to give thyself to any earnest pursuit. Hohenfeld tells me that Ebel said your aversion to philosophic studies drove you into a bilious-nervous fever; he warned me, saying, she is a simple, uninformed young girl, and her head is not for philosophy; it may by such studies be excited and made giddy, but no wiser, &c. I divined that he was a diplomatic envoy from prudent people who know much about a person without that person knowing anything of them. His citations of the exaggerated narrations and absurd comments in circulation here among the Philistines amused me. Thy own letter which, like the young shrub, throws off the dead leaves, and grows green in fresh shoots, makes me agree with the good Hohenfeld; also, it pleases me better than any learning I might force upon thee. Thou hast feeling for the every-day life of nature. Dawn, noontide, and evening clouds are thy dear companions with whom thou canst converse when no man is abroad with thee. Let us exchange, and I be thy scholar in simplicity, as thou hast esteemed thyself my scholar when I was trying to form thee into an Esprit fort. Now, where it backward goes, must thou be my teacher; a timid person may climb a hill in safety, but to descend the steep path, demands resolution, such as thou hast. Thou dost never grow giddy, art never afraid to cross hedges and ditches. Already, happy speculations, in the spirit of simplicity, are dawning on me. I was delighted to say, to the dean of the cathedral, who holds me so high, a few silly things in the character of deserter. I said one which made him clasp his hands, referring my declaration, that I learn much from you, and gain more from your society than that of others, to my never knowing how to value myself duly; every one wonders why I give my precious time to the wind. Now it cannot be but, by and by, the delightful simplicity will be recognized as mine also,

and no one will envy me because they know not how to prize the knowledge which displaces it. I see clearly that when this lies in the modest bud, without a full, inward impulse, its proper fruit will never bloom into light, least of all when thievish selfishness presses before the time, merely to place itself on high, where others may gaze upwards to its shimmering phantoms. Just so the Titans, with great tumult, piled up their stair to the castle of the gods; just so cast down with contempt the quiet simplicity of Olympus. One thing feel I from thee, that nature must rear the ideals of the human soul under warm fostering covers, as she does plants, else will men not grow green and ripen in the sun-beams.

Thy adventures, thy remarks, all give me pleasure; take heed that I lose none of them; if it will not hurt thy health write every evening; thus prays the demon who has just whispered to me, and would fain preserve everything of thine.

What shall I do with thy canary-bird? I think I may take him with me; it will not be much trouble, and to none can I trust him no more than thyself. Apropos, I might be jealous of the princess with whom thou must always walk hand in hand. Wouldst thou ever once permit me to lead thee by the hand, when we were walking? didst thou not, always skim about, like a wild humble-bee, through all the thickets, and leave me to scramble after by myself? and this princess has such power to tame thee as to lead thee by the hand in the open country. Thy bird I have tamed, so that he takes crumbs from my mouth, just from love. I know not but he is more accessible to me than to his owner; just as thou art to the princess. I was anxious about him, for once, as I went out at the garden-gate, he flew after me into the garden; but, after fluttering about awhile among the trees, he alighted on my head and let me carry him in quiet-

ly; I was truly rejoiced, for I knew not how I should bear it, if thou didst not find him here at thy return. There were eleven figs on thy tree; I gathered in the harvest on Monday; three I ate from the tree; three afterwards, in company with *a certain person* who met me at the gate; he went with me into the house, and seemed to rejoice that the tree that came from him bears such sweet fruit; now lie yet five figs, that were a little hard, beneath the glass cover of the Apollo, which I have set in the sun; they are ripening; these too will I banquet on, before I go away, in company, but not in the company of any one who devours them whole, as an insignificant fruit without peculiar flavor, but with a certain person who will ascribe the sweetness of the fruit to thy fostering care, and enjoy it with gratitude.

CAROLINE.

One thing I must tell thee, about thy balcony, the spiders have woven a great piece of Brabant lace, from one end, to the other; from the silver-fir over the orange-tree, over the bean-vine arbor, into which no one can enter without breaking up this work of art, then over the pomegranate tree, to the fig-tree; I spared it when I made harvest of the fruit. Thy brother Dominicus came down and watered them all, from his little watering-pot, the noonday sun shone very clear. The crystal drops glittered sweetly in the net; thy brother thought if the web went a little farther, it might be like the net of an aviary, to keep butterflies, which he has vainly tried to tame, as caterpillars, for so soon as they flew out of the chrysalid, they forgot all the care and nourishment he had given them, when they were caterpillars. I was much amused by his earnest purpose, through the caterpillar, and chrysalid, to work on the soul of the butterfly. Truly I think the enormous spiders would devour all, whether grateful or ungrateful that should be kept

in this aviary. He wished me to tell thee that the hop-vines have grown over the roof into the open window. Thou hearest with pleasure of thy little paradise-garden, in which all is so fair, and there is no tree from which one must not eat the apples.

TO GÜNDERODE.

With the one hand I reached my letter to the carrier, with the other received thine; we were just returning from our sunrise. I saw the carrier coming through the valley, I wanted to meet him, I ran, the others knew not wherefore, they called after me, I galloped down the hill, catching hold of the boughs to swing myself along, these rained down cool dew on my ardent course, then darted I straight downward into the valley, and could not stop myself, the good carrier placed himself in the way and caught me; upon the hill stood staring the whole company, one head above the other, Mr. Haise in the midst, peeping through his spy-glass; I lay down in the grass to get my breath.

Potz tausend, how many hammers were beating in my head,—those were the goldsmiths, and the great hammer in my breast, that was the blacksmith; they all came, down; finding me lying in the high grass they thought I had fainted, or some such thing. Voigt cried, "God forbid, such fancies has she not;" then I peeped out of the grass, laughing at them, then they all shrieked that I might have broken my neck, or at least an arm or a leg, or ran danger of an apoplexy; imprudent, wild, mad, senseless, shrieked they. What a set of croakers; I would hear no more, but set off again on a gallop. The bath keeper had just opened the baths, I called out to him, dont tell where I am, and jumped into the water, in my shoes and stockings and all my clothes; in the water I threw aside my clothes, and forgot that I had put thy letter in my bosom till I saw it swimming on the wa-

er, then I unfolded and laid it on the rope that goes through the middle of the arch of the bath to draw up the valve when the room is too hot, it fluttered above me in the current of air, I swam to and fro after it, spelling it out, here a part and there a part, as the wind turned the leaf; this delighted me, and no less when I came out of the bath to read it through; then began to sing. "O thou the highest of Gods, powerfully ruling over Olympus, let, in the courses of the plain, favoring breezes blow through the garlands that shade my temples." Then perceived they all at once, where I was, for all were in the bath and my voice sounded loud through the vault, and I heard them call, "La voila!" and then, "yet another mad freak to jump into the bath when so heated." If I did not wish to hear the croaking from every side I must needs sing again. "Let, O Jupiter, the swift-footed days glide on which shall greet me crowned with victory at evening with the sweet-sounding call of immortality." Now came Lisette ambassador from the others; she was astounded when she saw my clothes lying under the water, and my shoes on the lowest step, two bowls full of water; I saw her astonishment, she thought I was mad, she silently reached me a little billet, in which was written "Tamer of foals, offer up a fat steer to Pallas Athene, controller of horses, and throw quickly the golden-worked bridle over the maidenly neck." I asked who gave her the note, she said the bath-keeper, I asked the bath-keeper, he said his son Lipps, I asked Lipps, he said "a gentleman I saw beside the fountain in slippers, with a cigar in his mouth." What had he on?—how did he look? "White mantle, gray velvet cap." I thought it best to keep silence to every one about the billet, which I put in my collection of natural curiosities, among which is a gold-shining horn of a stag beetle that is hollow and so elegant it would be fit for drinking-horn to an elf, if any elf were a huntsman, therefore

have I kept it, in case I should meet such an one; farther, many transparent stones, that would deserve the name of jewels, if only the sun could shine through a little more perfectly, and a chrysalis out of which I myself saw the butterfly creep; it opened to let the butterfly out and then shut to again; it has within things like little springs, the butterfly moves these when he is ready and the chrysalis opens; outside it is hard so that nothing can injure it. I have kept this express for thee that we may look at it and think on immortality together. When I see a thing in nature for which such care has been taken that it be not disturbed till it is ripe, I am filled with awe; surely nothing is so sad as to disturb or destroy such a thing, for tender as she is, it must pierce her through the heart; I may not sin against her, may not press forward and as a strong intellect hurry things before her time, she will not have it so, Nature, she says I shall run and jump and shall not have reflection, and in thy letter stands written the same which rejoices me. Uninformed, simple, that am I truly, and yet thou art so silly as to prefer me to wise people. Thou must yield it to them that there is nothing to be done with me. Clemens is partly in fault for this, who loves me so that he has taken pleasure in everything I have done and found all my thoughtless prattle so wondrous fine. But thou wilt go with me to the hill, there we two shall be alone with the demon and ask after none other. I take such pleasure in this plan, often my heart beats, and when I think why, it is because of the eight days when we can sleep together in one room, and the harvest wind blows through the plane-trees, shaking off the leaves, and we wake up when we have a thought, and then go to sleep again. I could tell thee much from here, I have a crowd of thoughts which I cannot write, many times I spring up as if I must go to thee, and tell something just newly thought out. But I have not yet told what happened

to-day. About twelve Tonie and I went down to take leave of the princess. Tonie had arranged on the saloon table all sorts of fair fruit, with flowers between, the princess took them very kindly and spoke with such cordial sweetness to Tonie, that I, for the first time, believed the words, which I never do from others when they speak so courtly. Thou askst why thou shouldst not be jealous of the princess. Ei—why art thou not? That is just what pains me, that, if I should tell thee she would take me away and keep me always with her, thou wouldst coldly reply; dear Bettine, it grieves me that our intercourse will thereby be interrupted, but I pray, let not that prevent thee. And yet I would not do it, even when I feel that thou couldst answer me so coldly and easily wear away the pain of separation, although the princess is to me dearer than any person I have seen; for, except grandmamma and thee, I have never seen women who appeared noble to me. Inly am I related to thee, that know I, and the demon holds me firmly bound to thee; where could I ever again feel so confidential? Could I do my will with the princess, could I lie on the floor in the moonlight, and follow it about and invent stories as we did in the winter, and when I wanted to braid thy hair, thou wouldst let me braid and unbraided it, and thou wouldst compose Ossianic songs while I combed it—

Deine Locken gleich den Raben daster
 Deine Stimme wie des Schilfs Gefluster,
 Wenn der Mittagswind sich leise wiegt.

(Thy locks dark as the raven's plumage,
 Thy voice like the whisper of the sedges
 When the noontide breeze blows gently.)

Dost thou remember how I sang it softly after thee, what thou didst so solemnly utter, and dost thou know my heart was quite full of tears more than once, but secretly I strove

with myself to be strong and overcome the pain. I did not wish to show how deeply I was penetrated ;

Denn mein Schwert umgiebt wie Blitzes Flügel
Dich du liebliche, du schönes Licht.

(For my sword encompasses like wings of the lightning thee, thou lovely, thou fair light.)

How oft have I sung that to myself and was a hero !—

Collas Tochter sank zum Schläfe nieder
O ! wann grüssest du den Morgen wieder ?
Schöngelockte wirst du lange ruhn ?

Ach ! die Sonne tritt nicht an dein Bette
Spricht, erwach aus deiner Ruhestätte,
Collas schöne Tochter steig herauf !
Junges grün entkeimet schon dem Hügel
Frühlings Lüfte fliegen drüber her.
Sonne birg in Wolken deinen Schimmer !
Denn sie schläft, der Frauen Erste ! nimmer,
Kehret sie in ihrer Schönheit mehr.

(Colla's daughter sank down to slumber—
O when wilt thou again greet the morning ?
Thou of the beautiful locks wilt thou slumber long ?

Ah ! the sun comes not to thy bed
Saying, awake from thy repose,
Fair daughter of Colla rise up !
The young green sprouts already on the hills
The breezes of spring blow over them.
Sun, hide thy beams in clouds !
For she sleeps, the first of women !—never
Returns she in her beauty more.)

That have I so often sung, also on the rock day before yesterday, and I know such beautiful melodies for it, all which go to my heart, and when we are together in autumn, I will sing them to thee in the dusk, before the lights are brought in ; how canst thou then think I might prefer the

princess? But thou dost not think it, but only givst thyself the air of it, else it would be too sad for me that thou shouldst not be troubled by it. I can think of thee alone as Colla's daughter—for she sleeps, the first of women!—so have I many times sung of thee and wept, for I cannot sing without my heart being so deeply moved, evenings when I am alone, that I often hide my head in the pillows to stifle my sadness because it is too heavy for me. But why should I, here so far from thee, write to thee of my bitter hours, that can only grieve thee, and thou art sad already. But be not troubled about me for all this passes as quick as the hail-stones that fell here; let me rather tell thee more of the princess; thou knowest I have trust in thy love and can neither think thou art indifferent to me, nor doubtful of me. The princess asked me yesterday morning to sing her a song to my guitar, which she had sometimes heard from my window; the request frightened me, for the duke stood by, and drew his mouth together so curiously, and said he too had heard my voice and it was very fine; I would gladly have excused myself, but I felt it would be unsuitable. I brought my guitar and, on the way, constrained my fear of the duke. I was not afraid of the princess, for already many times have I improvised melodies in the shrubbery before her window, because a secret inclination to her led me to invent right tender melodies. I was only afraid of the duke, because I thought he might have heard me sing that morning in the bath, and might begin upon that. I thought too of the billet. But suddenly I had a thought that helped me, I took thy Darthula-poem* from my pocket-book and sang what I have written about to thee above to an extempore melody; at first it was a little stiff, but soon went on right, so that many times I myself was surprised and deeply moved, as melody so much more powerfully expresses and first

* Given in Appendix to the original.

teaches the heart to feel it ; I repeated it—then was it so fair, ah ! if I only could once sing it so before thee ; the duke desired I would sing on ; I was no more timid, but sang at once ;

Lass zehn tausend Schwerter sich empören
 Usnoth sollt von meiner Flucht nicht hören ;
 Ardan ! sag ihm rühmlich war mein Fall.
 Winde ! warum brausen eure Flügel ?
 Wogen ! warum rauscht ihr so dahin ?
 Wellen ! Stürme ! denkt ihr mich zu halten ?
 Nein ihr könnt nicht, stürmische Gewalten !
 Meine Seele lasst mich nicht entfliehn.
 Wenn des Herbstes Schatten wieder kehren,
 Mädchen, und du bist in Sicherheit,
 Dann versammle um dich Ethas Schönen
 Lass für Nathos deine Harfe tönen
 Meinem Ruhme sei dein Lied geweiht.

(Let ten thousand swords arise against me
 Usnoth shall not hear of my flight ;
 Ardan ! say to him that my fall was glorious.
 Winds ! why rush your wings ?
 Waves ! why do you roar so loudly ?
 Waves ! Storms ! think ye to detain me ?
 No ! you cannot do it, stormy Powers !
 My soul will not let me fly.
 When the shadows of autumn return,
 Maiden, and thou art in safety,
 Then assemble round thee Etha's fair ones
 Let thy harp resound for Nathos
 To my fame be consecrated thy song.)

This second time I sang still better, with deeper voice, and deeper feeling ; these are the two passages which I know by heart out of thy song, because thou hast made them in my presence, in the twilight, and said to me, keep them in thy mind till they bring the lights, I will meanwhile compose more ; and I repeated always four verses till four more were ready, which thou hast, in like manner, confided to my

memory, and then set sail again on the ocean. Gûnderode how fair was that? How can I ever live a fairer life than with thee? I have given the duke the poem, and told him it was thine, and also thy Don Juan* have I presented to him; he urged me much, and I thought thou wouldst give them to me again, I wanted him to have it, because I saw he took such pleasure in it; thou wilt give it me again. The princess asked me to copy for her the melody that belongs to the song, I said gladly, but where is it gone? I know it no more—she then kissed me affectionately on both cheeks, and said to Tonie, with her permission she would take the nosegay from among the ananas, and plant it in her own hot-house as a memorial. That, indeed, was friendly, and I will confess to thee I was deeply pained when she went away, every thing seemed so forlorn that I must weep whether I would or no; indeed I did not restrain myself, because I thought on thee, and wished to be even with thee for thy infidelities. We went with her to the carriage and she bid me come to her whenever I found opportunity; I kissed her hand and stepped back, for the duke was still talking to her. His carriage, too, was at the door; he laid his hand upon my head and said, "Farewell till we meet again,"—then smiled on me, so that I thought, ah Heavens, it was he who gave the billet to Lipps. He got into the carriage, dressed in the liver-colored frock-coat, and I saw something on the back-seat like a white mantle, lined with light blue, yet it looked not pure white, but rather grayish; yet, it seems to me, I saw the gray cap too. Yes! I am sure I saw it, but was not willing to confess it, because I was ashamed; for awhile I could not comfort myself, and even now I blush when I think about it. However I think again, princes have short memories, he will soon forget it. Ah! might he very soon forget it! Good night. To-morrow I will tell thee

* Given in Appendix to the original.

yet more about to-day, I have as yet told nothing of our sunrise excursion, how we saw nothing, for the sun rose behind us—all looking over the distant hills, thinking it would come out there, while it was quietly climbing the rock-wall at our backs, and Mr. Haise, armed with his spy-glass, and Voigt, whispering in my ear “Just observe what will take place; they will all be wondering soon.” None paid attention to what he said. It grew brighter and brighter, till suddenly we perceived the sun behind us, quite moderate and reasonable, without extravagance, for all the world as we might have seen him while breakfasting on the terrace; then came the strife; each pretending he had really known better; each declaring he had been misled by the others; truly it was a droll quarrel, and there was Mr. Haise with his spy-glass with which he had expected to detect the sun first of all. But Voigt was the most abused after all, they declared he had tried to turn them all the wrong way, and pretended the east lay on that side; but he said no! he had not misled them, though he had known how it was, and therefore said they would wonder soon; but he knew that he was in such bad credit with them that if he had told them they would not have believed him.

SATURDAY.

The canary-bird I give thee; it is best for thee to keep him, since he loves thee best, since he is dear to me shall I mar his limited joys? But I am no canary-bird, and thou canst not give me away. I would give thee all, but thou must not give me away. Is not my balcony fair? When we were children Herr Schwab used there to tell us stories from the Bible, before we went to bed; there saw I the moon for the first time. How wonderful was it! and then the lights from the windows hard by painted the shadows of the shrubs upon the ground; I loved to sit there alone on the

ground and see the shadows move round about me. I was fearful, as a child, but most by day when I was alone, and in the chamber, where all looked so vacant; in the night was somewhat confidential which allured me; and before I ever heard of spirits, it seemed as if there was something living near me in whose protection I trusted; so was it with me on the balcony when a child three or four years old, when all the bells were tolling for the emperor's death, and, as it always grew more nightly and cool, and nobody with me, it seemed as if the air was full of bell-chimes which surrounded me, then came a gloom over my little heart, and then again sudden composure, (I feel it yet,) as if my guardian angel had taken me in his arms, and now must I say, what a great mystery is life, so closely embracing the soul as the chrysalis the butterfly! no light shines through the coffin; but the warmth of the sun penetrates to the soul within so that it grows and grows even amid heavy penalties, amid tears. Ah pardon that I am again sad, but the balcony! There have I had such moments of longing, which pierced through my heart like a sword, I knew not what it was, and know not yet. Just in the fair blossom time was it to me always thus sad even at bright noon, when the bees were skimming about. Ah well! I will rather think of something else. Thou art truly good to let so many things glimmer out, sub rosa, to secretly delight me. What will become of me, if ever I pass out of the light which beams on me from thy living eye, for thou seemest to me an ever living look, and as if on that my life hung. But neither of this would I speak. Of the donkey-party yesterday to Rauenthal; it became a water party in the end, there came up a prodigious shower while we were yet half a league from home. The water running from the hills into the valleys made regular lakes which the wind curled into ripples. And as the donkeys were paddling through the water with us, came a great

thunder-clap ; most of the party screamed, the donkeys did not scream, but all at once threw us into the puddle ; no one could hold on, the Englishman tried with his long legs, but his donkey reared and threw him ; then galloped all the donkeys away, and were out of sight in a twinkling, the drivers after them, and we screaming after these to send us lanterns. The whole squadron then held council in the puddle ; after recovering their senses they set themselves in motion, complete silence succeeded the confused cries, the way was too difficult for any one to have a thought except how he should draw his foot out of the morass without parting with the shoe : this, indeed, was impossible, most of the shoes were left sticking ; the lanterns came to meet us, the now soothed donkeys were again brought out, so we entered the village riding, indeed, but in what a condition ! All the straw hats were left in the mud, and almost all the shoes ; the ladies' dresses were so wet, as if they were to sit models for statues ; the gentlemen's no less so ; all went straight to the bath and came forth again new-born and newly radiant ; the scene closed with a social tea-drinking in slippers, and nightgowns and powder-mantles ; we talked over our miseries, and laughed ourselves half dead at them. Mr. Haise, now the natural color of his hair was brought to light, was not to be recognized, but we all wondered at his beauty ; his auburn hair became him so much better than the powder in which he usually hides it, that all cried, he really might be interesting, which, before, had been deemed impossible. Who was better pleased than he, who solemnly abjured powder, and, with celestial self-complacency, walked about among the women to let himself be admired. I and Lisette employed ourselves till midnight, renewing the straw hats ; I turned them all up on one side with a cockade ; when we are in the sun, we put the shovel side foremost, when in the shade, turn them round ; this change met with general applause and Voigt

says, has a picturesque effect. This morning came the donkey drivers in procession carrying the lost shoes upon their sticks! they expected drink-money, and it was paid, though the shoes had better been left where they were buried; many were vexed that the disgraced shoes should be exhibited so freely to the public gaze. This is the history of yesterday. Voigt had long desired to draw the whole company on donkeys in his sketch-book—this morning was a beautiful clear sky and cool after the rain; we made ourselves as picturesque as we could, let ribbons flutter, veils blow; the gentlemen stuck nosegays in their hats, put themselves into negligent attitudes, balanced with their legs, so went we slowly forward. Voigt had gone before with his color-box, had prepared his palette, and was seated on a tent-stool before the height down which we came, observing the procession through a spy-glass; all at once he called out, "Halt"—I was in front, with a green silken banner which I had made; this I rested on one side, and held solemnly still; my guitar, also, hung at my saddle. Voigt painted zealously on a piece of oil-cloth which was nailed on a board. This lasted a good while; the donkeys hung down their ears and went to sleep; the sun burned; the flies bit; the veils and ribbons hung down slack; all thought they could bear it no longer; but I wished extremely the good Voigt should have the satisfaction of finishing his sketch; I took my guitar and began to play Kosciusko; Erothwith accompanied me on the flageolet; the donkey boys joined in with their jews-harps; many voices added bass and treble; some whistled; Haise, near me, gave out a tone with which he imitated a kettle-drum, beaten with a rod and a cudgel, pfitsch, pfitsch, bum, bum. The donkeys awoke and pricked up their ears, the air stirred afresh the fluttering ribbons; all were inspired, and Voigt painted faster than a windmill is blown in a storm; the donkey-boys, also, had put themselves into negligent attitudes;

soon matters were so advanced that we could turn about; Voigt, too, mounted his donkey, and we rode home satisfied and singing. The sketch is excellent; he will finish it at Frankfort; I wish thou hadst been here. Riding home I saw, from afar, the birch tree, blowing in the wind so gently, it seemed as if I saw thy picture in a vision. I thought perhaps I would try to visit thee here; when one is alone, it is much easier to climb; in the afternoon I went, while all were taking their siesta, and saw what letters the duke had cut in the tree Z D F* and his name beneath; I know what it means, just what he wrote upon thy manuscript of *Immortalita*. Voigt told me his book was very witty and has related many fair and also singular things of him. The book we must read together in the winter. This afternoon all were assembled at tea on the terrace. The desire for distant excursions is damped; we played shuttlecock, and blew soap-bubbles; they flew between the trees, now here, now there, also one on Haise's nose I trow.

SUNDAY.

This morning we were all assembled for the last breakfast, for to-morrow go all away, the whole forenoon was spent in *tete-à-tete* walks of those most intimate. I sauntered with Voigt to a green place and read to him from thy letters. I read the *Manes*, knitting to it various thoughts which I could not clearly express; I cannot speak to any other as to thee, I feel not the desire and glow to express myself unless with thee, then whatever I say, or however it comes out, I perceive that somewhat stirs within me as if my soul were growing, and, if I myself do not understand it, I win assurance from thy wise calm eyes, that look on me waiting as if they understood me and knew what must come yet. In this way dost thou charm thoughts out of me, of whose posses-

* To the Friend.

sion I was not before aware, and that amaze myself; other people have no patience with me; even Voigt has not, but says "I know what you would say," and says something I did not wish to say—But when I do like thee, and listen to him, then hear I always something wise and good. To-day he said "Reason is by philosophers danced about and adored as a god, or rather, as an idol, which may be imagined into any shape they desire. Things which ought and should be sought by the way of human experience and feeling they put into propositions, which, not resting on a felt reality, only avail and work, as arbitrary fancies. Philosophy must first be seized as feeling, else is it empty straw which men are thrashing; we might say philosophy must first be converted into poetry, but for that we might long be kept waiting, out of dry tarry wood will no green grove grow; you may plant stick after stick and pray down the sweetest showers of spring, yet all will remain dry. Yet the true philosophy comes forth from poesy itself, as the youngest and fairest daughter of the spiritual church." This last said he to Mr. Haise who is a well-studied philosopher and was so excited because Voigt called poesy the religion of the soul, that he sprang with both feet into the air and, afterwards, said to me alone, "I cannot trust Voigt far; his wisdom is so unsound and might easily misguide a youthful heart." All the rest was pleasant; we took our coffee in the afternoon on the rock of the Muses, and made a gay fire in the wood and danced round it in a ring until the last flame went out; we were all as delighted as children, and it seemed to me as if there was not one false or concealed thought left in any mind. Indeed a free mind is the highest thing in man. "Never to desert one period of human existence, so long as it flows pure, for the sake of trying another, never any such to miss, ever to remain a child, as child to be already man, and a slave to the good; reverently to adore God, and yet

toy and play with him in his works, which themselves are a play of his wisdom, of his love." This was the way Voigt showed to Mr. Haise, as we were going home, and the Englishman was satisfied and offered him his hand. Good night.

MONDAY.

Yesterday I might have written to thee, for all had gone away, but I was weary. Tonie sleeps still; we were up very late; I went out on the terrace to take leave, because they all were to go away before day-break, only Voigt staid till noon because he was going to Mentz. He went with me into the little chapel to hear mass, then was a second time the sermon nearly at an end; the preacher was our Franciscan. "Why has Jesus, when nailed on the cross, at the same time a heavenly glory round his head, but to forbid compassion to those present, prophesying the most holy, glorious raptures from the conflict of man with sorrow? Why in each of his words, his deeds, lies the earthly with the eternal in such close connection? He exchanged not his woes for joys, though he might so easily have done so,—also, thou, O man, receive gladly thy destiny when it brings thee sorrow, for thy destiny is not mournful, however much human misfortune it may bring thee, but, if thou dost disdain it, that is indeed misfortune, and so close I, as I began, by saying, the destiny of each man must be treasured as the most precious jewel, not carelessly thrown away, but cherished with highest reverence, learning to subject one's self to it." Voigt lamented that he had not heard the whole sermon, thinking, as so much was compressed into a few words, the unfolding of the whole must have been very rich in thought. But I was glad we came so late, for to me seemed the subject very gloomy; to think of woes beforehand and prepare the thoughts for them suits not me. In the evening were we quite alone, Tonie and I; all others are gone; I wanted to

go to walk and sent for Lelaps, the sacristan's dog, who knows me, because I have already often taken him with me. He came with a lighted lantern round his neck, as he is wont to accompany his master in foggy weather; this pleased me well. I took the good stick, of Spanish reeds bound together, that Savigny gave me, and went out with Lelaps between the clefts in which the mist wavered hither and thither, so that the little light vanished frequently from my sight, but as soon as I called he came running through the thick fog, then was the light again visible; what play was this for me! For the dog and me alone, with the mists fluttering about like ghosts climbing up and scrambling down into the valley, it was truly no easy matter to find our way over the chasms and rock-walls; when we got a free look out into the valley, I could not persuade myself they were not ghosts, and I believe it yet, and was inly right joyous that I had come to see them, and that the dog and I were suffered to remain; thou dost not know how pleasant the fog is, how softly it clings to you, my face was quite polished with it, as I came happily home again. How glad I am to be so insignificant, I need not fork up discreet thoughts when I write to thee, but just narrate how things are; once I thought I must not write unless I could give importance to the letter by a bit of moral, or some discreet thought; now I think not to chisel out or glue together my thoughts; let others do that, if I must write so, I cannot think. Ah, to be understood, and felt by the simplest, the most unlearned is something worth, and then not to weary the only one who understands me, who is wise for me,—that depends on thee.

We went out upon the Rhine and returned next day late at evening, so is to-day Thursday; it was fair at Rudesheim; Tonie stopped there to speak to the priest who is to come to our house, I looked out from a great black arch on the meadows lying in evening light; the butterflies seemed fly-

ing above me, for there on the top of the castle grow very many wild flowers, all carried up there by the wind; you might suppose the flying flower-seeds had souls, and refused to be carried farther, but all chose to bloom there; so many blue-bells, and little white pinks and balsam-flowers, I think the whole wall is blossomed over, flower on flower. Beneath, amid the ruins, dwells a beggar with his wife and two children, they have a goat which they carry up there, and who grazes on the flowery carpet with the utmost nonchalance.

I was a whole hour alone there, seeing the sails pass on the Rhine. I felt a deep longing to be with thee again; for, beautiful as it is here, it is sad without echo in the living breast. Man is nothing but the desire to feel himself in another. Before I saw thee I knew nothing; I had often read and heard of friends, yet never knew what a life it would be; for what thought I then of men? Absolutely nothing. I took the watch-dog out, that I might have society; but when I had been awhile with thee, and had heard so many things from thee, then I looked on each face as an enigma, and might well have divined many things, or perhaps *have* divined them, for I am really sharp-minded. Truly man does express his being, if the looker on knows how to put things together,—and neither dissipates his thoughts, nor adds anything from his own fancy; but one is always blind when he seeks to please others, or seem somewhat before them. That have I remarked in myself. If one loves another, it is better to compose one's self, to understand the one beloved. If we wholly forget ourselves and look at him, I believe it is possible to divine the whole hidden man from his outward being. I have recognised this, for of other men I have not understood what they were to me. The most I cannot consider long, because I observe nothing which pleases me, or harmonizes with me; but with thee have I felt like a music, so at home was I at once. I was like a

child, which still unborn, is removed from his father-land, sees the light in another, and must by some foreign bird be wafted back over a sea. He finds all new, yet nearest related, and most domestic. So was it always with me when I entered thy apartment. So was it on the old castle ruins yesterday; the smiling meadows, and the merry maidens singing there, the evening light, the passing sails and the butterflies, all was nothing to me, I longed only for thee! for thy little room, for the winter; for the snow without, and the early twilight, and the blazing fire; this sunshine and blooming and shouting tears my heart. I was delighted when Tonie came up with the carriage, I looked down and there was the beggar with his two pretty children, laughing and rolling over one another, holding each other close embraced. I said, what are your names? and they answered, Röschen and Bienchen; Röschen is fair, with round red cheeks. And Bienchen is a brunette, with black glancing eyes. They were truly one in two. Home at midnight; a most sweet sleep by the rushing of the Spring-fountains.

MONDAY.

I have often re-read thy last letter, I am surprised when I compare it with others which I have received here at the same time,—then must I think that there are destinies in Spirit; as beings can be so remote from one another and so different, that they may meet every day, yet one will never conceive of the other, what he thinks and dreams, and what he feels in thinking and dreaming. Thy whole being with others is dreamy; I well know why; wert thou awake, thou couldst not live among them and be so indulgent; hadst thou been quite awake, they would certainly have driven thee away; the grimaces that they make would certainly have put thee to flight. I saw the same in a dream myself when I was two years old; and sometimes the dream comes over me

again so that it seems that men are mere frightful larvæ by whom I am surrounded and who will take from me my senses ; even as in the dream I shut my eyes, that I may not see and perish with anguish. So thou from thy magnanimity dost shut thy eyes in life ; thou wouldst not see how it is appointed with men ; thou wouldst not have an aversion arise against these who are not thy brothers, for the absurd is neither sister nor brother. But thou wilt be their sister, so standest thou among them with dreaming head, smiling in thy sleep, for thou dreamest them all away as a flickering grotesque masquerade dance. This read I again to-day in thy letter ; for it is now so still here, that one can think ; thou art good to me, for among all men thou holdest thyself most awake to me. As if, shouldst thou quite open thy eyes, thou wouldst venture really to look upon me. Oh I have often thought that I would never terrify thy look,—lest thou shouldst indulgently shut thine eyes to me also, and only peep sideways at me to avoid seeing all my faults and vices.

Thou sayest we will trifle together ; dost thou know how I interpret that ? I remember what you lately wrote to Clemens,—“ ever new and living is the desire in me to express my life in a permanent form ; in a shape that may be worthy to advance towards the most excellent, to greet them and claim community with them. Yes, after this community have I constantly longed. This is the church, towards which my spirit constantly makes pilgrimages upon the earth.” But now thou sayest, we will trifle,—because thou wouldst remain untouched ; because thou findest no community, and yet thou believest that there is somewhere a height where the air blows pure, and a longed for shower rains down upon the soul, making it freer and stronger. But certainly this is not in philosophy ; I do not quote this from Voigt ; my own feeling bears witness to me. Healthful breathing men cannot so narrow themselves. Imagine to thyself a philosopher,

living quite alone on an island, where it should be beautiful as only spring can be, where all was blooming, free, and living, birds singing, and all the births of nature perfectly fair, but no creature there to whom the Philosopher could interpret anything. Dost thou believe that he would take such flights as those which I cannot constrain with thee? I believe he would take a bite from a beautiful apple, rather than make dry wooden scaffoldings for his own edification from the high cedars of Lebanon. The Philosopher combines, and transposes, and considers, and writes the processes of thought, not to understand himself, that is not the object of this expense, but to let others know how high he has climbed. He does not wish to impart his wisdom to his low-stationed companions, but only the hocus-pocus of his superlatively excellent machine, the triangle which binds together all circles. But it is only the idle man, who has never realized his own being, that is taken by this. Others deceive, misinterpreting nature; they prepare this scaffold on which to climb, out of vanity, and at top becomes it arrogance, breathing down sulphureous fumes to the men below, then men, in this blue vapor of fancy, suppose they are perceiving the high motives of being. I am not fearful lest this wisdom should escape me, for there is not a thing in all nature which cannot give forth the spark of immortality so soon as we really touch it; do but fill the soul with all thou seest on this islet, rich with blessings; thence will all wisdom flow through thee in electric currents; indeed I believe, if a man takes his stand beneath the blossoming tree of magnanimity, which bears all virtues on its top, the wisdom of God is nearer him than on the highest tower, which man ever erected for himself. Man cannot get more than the apple, which grows for him on the tree; if he climbs to the top, he plucks it himself, if he stands beneath the tree and waits, the apple falls and gives itself to him, but except from the

tree can he produce no fruit;—thou speakest of Titans who, with great noise, pile mountains one upon the other, casting down the tranquil heights of immortality; truly thou wert thinking of philosophers, when thou saidst, a thievish selfishness presses before the time, and deludes with glittering phantoms—ah; all selfishness is shameful thieving; he who is a miser of the spirit, vain of it, dividing it into strata, or burning into it particular signets, he is the selfish wretch; and what else do philosophers, but contend about their theories, as to who has thought this or said that, —if thou hadst thought or said it, it were without thy interference true or better, truly it is a chimera form of thy vanity. Why so hoard up coins that belong to the pitiful earth-life, not to the heavenly spheres? I would like to know whether Christ troubled himself as to how his wisdom would be received by after-ages. If he did—he was not divine! As yet men have only offered him idolatrous homage, because they have laid stress on acknowledging him outwardly, but not inwardly; yet it would be no matter if he were quite forgotten outwardly and never named, if only his love was growing up in the heart. Another thing will I say to thee; when the intellect cuts out and puts on ever such fine clothes, and in them struts round the theatre, what is it other than a mere show, even as one declaims a heroic drama; the actors grow not to real heroes thereby. Thou hast written to Clemens “Say not my being is one of reflection, or truly that I am mistrustful—mistrust is a harpy who throws herself greedily upon the divine banquet of inspiration, soiling it with impure experiences and vulgar prudence, which I, in relations with each worthy one, have disdained.” These words have I often looked upon as a mirror of thy soul, and then have I always felt thanksgiving, that God laid in thee so great an instinct, lifting one off the hinges of vulgarity where all creaks and shuts, and if a thing does not originally suit,

is made to adapt itself for life. Ah no! thou art a spirit without door or bolt; and when I speak out to thee my longings for somewhat great and true thou lookest not fearfully about thee, but answerest,—Now I hope we shall find that together.

MONDAY.

So earnestly have I written; I know not myself how I came to do it. I understand not how it is. Thou far surpassest me in pure contemplation, for thou art a Seer, while I regard only the shadows of those spirits, dancing in the air, that hover round thee. And what is all that before thee; I feel that I am on a much lower step, from which I call to thee whether this or that be so? I feel also that thou wouldst punish me by a light stroke of thy magical wand for lingering amid such after-thoughts. I know and do not know. To bathe in the dew, to gaze on the moon in the nightly hours is fairer than to turn about and measure the shadows which we cast upon the lighted plain; truly I was sad when I wrote yesterday, and from sadness rise for me always such fogs of hyper-prudence, Philisterei,—I am ashamed; it is a bad sonata, whose theme one can quickly learn by heart, and seems drawling and insipid when it is repeated; that comes from being lonely here; because one thinks somewhat better must be brought forward in talking with one's self. I marked it as writing the self pleasing prattle, which fitted together so well, misled me, and now at once am I weary of it. How gracefully and playfully hast thou expressed all, and, with thy magic wand, hast thou drawn a circle in which to amuse thyself with me, and I have beaten about me with thorns and nettles and thistles; ah, I feel a disgust to what I wrote yesterday. Why did I not rather describe to thee the wondrous evening, the singular night I had lived through with Tonie. Such a night passes not from us, it exists forever with its soft shadowy pictures, with its illuminated twi-

lights, and transient zephyrs, and how they blew hither and thither the waves of slumber; certainly when the world was born, then was it night, and then arose the summits of immortality, those still summits of which thou hast spoken, first upon the waters; and then pressed the world after them and lies so now, and over it stream the speeches of yonder lonely one through the night-heaven. Truly I find myself not prepared, when in such a night all sleeps far and wide, and the spirit all powerful sails on his wings through the air,—and all the philosophers, who wish to rouse up human nature, sleep soundly and feel it not. Might it not be that if any one was permitted each night to open his eyes, and see through the deep folded mantle which she spreads over all nature, while her secret spirits hovered round, breathed on him, on all living—might it not be that such an one would become a Seer of heavenly wisdom! There is somewhat marvellous in the night; one might think day had sometimes let itself be seized upon by evil, but night is wholly free from it; we feel ourselves, in the soundless, silver night, drawn upwards, like the twining vines that push out their tendrils into the air, to take hold of the spirits as they fly by and drink in their breath. But why scramble I and run giddily thus as if I were ever on the edge of the wood, truly in the night was it so clear in my mind that I laughed aloud, and now skips it from hill to valley and touches the memory,—and all my thinking is but echo as if I had fallen into a cleft. In the afternoon we had wandered out for a long walk and did not know exactly what time it was; it was later than we thought, and always the path kept leading to something that excited our curiosity, sometimes a rushing brook between cliffs, sometimes sun-bright green and hills, and walls and woods with lofty crowns, then came flocks of birds flying over us that we wanted to gaze after, when suddenly we found we knew not where we were nor whither

going, willingly we would have turned about, if we could have guessed in what direction home lay. We encouraged one another to take a broad path that ran obliquely through the wood, because fresh foot-tracks were there it would lead us to men; still we held the wind, the decreasing light to be from passing clouds, but it was the evening wind blowing the leaves round about us; we did not say it to one another, but remarked it soon, walked on and soon saw the sky shimmering red between the branches, soon this was overdrawn with dusky gold, and then came a blue; silent stars glittered, and the path led ever on into the wood, and the stars looked down from on high; neither of us ventured to interrupt the stillness, silent, only one step after the other rustling through the leaves. I said, let us sit down a moment, thou wilt see then that the way through the wood will become clear of itself; "Ah," said Tonie softly, "what will be the end of this? what will become of us?" Instead of lamenting, I could only laugh aloud; "For heaven's sake dont laugh in that frightful way; keep perfectly still; there may be bad people near who will hear us." But I thought rather it would be most dangerous to whisper or wander silently, and persuaded Tonie to let me sing a song. What a sound that made!—It made me so happy, and then the silent wood,—and then I again,—and then it again. Tonie had so seated herself in the path as not to lose sight of the direction we had been pursuing all this time, but I lay backwards and looked up, suddenly I perceived that, to the left, it was lighter in the wood, and the sky wholly free; I said, that way must we take, then are we immediately out of the wood. "O, I entreat thee do not leave the path, for if we stumble about here in the thickets, it is so dark we may fall into pits, let us keep to the path." But I had already set out, and stumbled really, picked myself up, and fell again, and climbed over stock and stone; Tonie called out from time to

time, I answered; suddenly I found myself clear of the wood, on a height that sloped down into a wide plain which I could not measure, but saw something glittering at a distance, I called out; here stand I and see the Rhine; thou must come out of the wood this way, for on the wood-path mayst thou wander hours long to no purpose. I then went back to meet her, both calling to mark the way, but I did not venture in far, for fear of losing myself again; finally we reached one another the hand and then I drew her out behind me. It seems a silly little adventure, but it gave me such pleasure to find our way out of the dark wood. Then stood we looking all about us,—whether is there a hamlet, or there; is that a light? We sat down, to wait awhile on the edge of the wood, no sound was heard, not a bird; it was certainly very late, perhaps eleven o'clock, the lights were out on every side; all was so grand about us, we took our repose quite tranquilly, then it grew lighter, the moon was rising, then we knew it must be eleven—at last Tonie was quite sure she saw a town in the distance, she saw clearly the church-roof shining; we dragged ourselves along, slid and scrambled down into the plain. Tonie kept in her eye the church-roof; I was too short-sighted for that, but ran before to make a path, that can I do better. “To the left, then to the right,” cried she, and so it went over mowing fields, finally to a ditch full of water over which we were luckily able to jump, then over hedges, then meadows, then gardens; the moon was now fairly up, illumined a broad road which led to the town, but a great firm gate shut in this accursed town, which lay sunk in the moonshine still as death; not a dog barked, nor a cat mewed. Then stood we with our sticks in our hands, staring at the door; soon this seemed to me too ludicrous, and I said, suppose I try to climb over? for it was open at top, but this was not possible, it was very high, of oaken planks, fitted into a

pair of smooth thick posts at the corners. "But just see," says Tonie, "there is between the post and the wall a cleft, perhaps a hand's breadth," now, if I throw off my shawl, and hold my breath, I can get through there; quick all which hindered me was thrown on the ground, and I was through; the first thing I did was to sit down by the gate, on the corner stone, and laugh; that sounded down the street, and found an echo, and sounded back again. "Ah, I pray thee, do not laugh; thou wilt wake all the people, and who knows what they may do to us," prayed Tonie through the cleft,—I composed myself, examined the gate, found it was shut with two great iron bolts, took a stone, and pounded back the bolts. "Make not alarum, dont pound so loud." All her words helped not, I was full of zeal, the gate must yield, at once the leaves flew apart, and there stood she before me and had her entrance; now wandered we silently through the streets and looked at all the houses, we knocked on doors, on shutters, but no sound gave answer; at last a little gable window opened, a man peeped out, holding a lighted pine-splinter, whose flame discovered a well-bearded chin, and other particulars which made us fancy him an unbaptized member of the human race, and this his voice did not belie. "We are guests of the Electress from Schlangenbad, who have lost their way and seek a guide. He intimated that the gate-keeper lived opposite. We knocked, and after awhile, a hole in the ground opened and a giant form rose up, dressed in brown fur with a tree in his hand, I will not call it a club, for that it was too large, with loud pattering steps he drove us before him out of the gate, and ever on and on up the hill-path. Presently 'Tonie whispered in my ear, "What if that strong man behind us should gives us a blow with his club. I am greatly frightened;" then we bid the man walk before us, so that we might see it, if he wanted to do us any ill. So marched the Goliath before us away,

ah how rustled the birches as we passed and painted their shadows beneath our feet, how gushed the darkness out of the wood to meet the moonlight, and the little streams trickled down from the hills, and rolled on betwixt the willows, and we passed by many a sleeping hamlet, and then upon the heights, yet once again must I look round for that silver-streak of the Rhine in the moonlight, and the hills rose and sank in the distance. There was a stir in the air, a fluttering and whispering amid the branches, and childish dreams that made my heart quiver, and dark forms coming ever forth from the wood; this kept my soul awake, and yet it seemed as if I slumbered, free from care, and only wandered on in my dreams, and the stars of heaven gradually grew pale, and the lonely cottage, in the valley were as yet unconscious of the day which began to break, then the quails sang in the fields to announce it, then saw we Schlangenbad. Who more joyful than we, but I especially, I rejoiced in that splendid night. The shadows beside the road that silently bordered our lighted path, and the farewell of night, as she yet once again shook the tops of the trees, that is all dear to me; it is a gift from the gods, like many other hours when it has seemed as if they would present me with sweet visionary feeling of the inly powers of rapture. This was what I wished to tell thee, which is much fairer than all thinking and judging, to approach the life of nature, and still and mute observe with her what she prepares, and how she consecrates and purifies in the solemn stillness of night.

OFFENBACH, May, 1805.

Care not thou for my health; in the little garret am I quite good-humored and must needs laugh with my shadow on the wall. Three jumps up the stairs, then spread my wings and down behind the poplar-walk, where something white is fluttering. There, where we buried Spitz last year,

played the wind with a paper in the moonshine, but it flew over the garden wall, as I tried to catch it. With the good Spitz I was not afraid in the night, as ever he barked the spirits out of the way. The Clavier Hoffman is as before our neighbor; this night as I lay in my bed he was chasing up and down his enharmonic courses; I gave up sleeping, and joyfully resigned my senses to chase with him—with the understanding to receive music, as the musical Philistines do,—that cannot be—I must feel. When the senses are all soothed by the music, I given up to it as if slumbering, then have I thoughts swift—like as stars often glide across the heavens. I trouble myself sometimes, that I cannot think what I will, and must let myself be bewildered by each new thing, as, at the fair, one runs from the camera obscura box to the puppet play, from the dancing bear to the gypsies at the river side where the skiffs pour forth their load of queer people, and drunken musicians play a fitting symphony. Many things fly through my head, but when I would write, the air is empty of thoughts, most words are superfluous, I am fain to blot them out again, as here in the letter. But when there is music I am collected, the thoughts fly not about, but keep still, and look at the secret of things, which pleases me. The soul grows, the bud springs up, and sucks in moonlight. Awhile I lay in bed and listened, but when a storm came, I sprang up and placed myself at the window. Music brings all things to union, she thunders through the clear night her powerful stream, then dances she away and greets with each wave the flowers which are secretly blooming on the shore. When the clouds come driven by the wind-storm, then seem they enchanted by their breath, the rain rolls down pearls beneath their dancing step, hasting impelled by the thunder and lightning through the black night, rushing on sounding pinions; this is all a hymn with music;—nothing contradicts nor disturbs the still broodings

of the mind. Thus have I lived through half the night, a life, than which time has not brought neither will bring a better,—how stand I in blossom, full of honey to the brim, all out of the inner self. With others I have no understanding; I am ashamed before them so to differ from them. Thou art good to me, and so is Clemens, but with him I cannot be entirely as I am; he has his fears and cannot bear to have me pour myself out, sometimes is it too fiery, sometimes too sad, when I even am really not mournful, yet because he is fair as a thought out of my soul, so must I be loving to him. He knows not, that it is music in me which loves him; I must let it go, all must ripen in time. Undisturbed with thee, then feel I the young green, how it springs up from me; thou dost not make a bustle about it that in spring-time the fresh grass-blades and plants breathe themselves out,—so am I content, and blossom out all my thoughts before thee.

20th May.

Yesterday was Sunday, and I was not cross this morning though the hens cackled me out of the best dream, as in Frankfort, when Liesbet would throw wood into the stove just as a golden bird was about to fly into my hand. The acacias in the court have grown a great deal, they show in the sunshine their last silver on the green. The garden lay so drunk with morning before the window, I went down, took my old way towards the board wall behind the poplars, and scrambled over into the Boskett, where I now write to thee. I have torn my clothes as usual when I am so joyous and exulting; do not scold me “that I have not taken care of my robe.” The rose-bushes took a good piece of it as I was trying whether I could still rub through between the bars of the iron fence to the Boskett; it can be done yet, I

have not gained earth-ballast. Now I am sitting on the terrace that overlooks the Maine, on which the water-spiders are traveling about merrily in the morning sun. If the Genius should wander this way I could not say more to him than the bees are humming. It seems as if I heard the blossoming citron-trees, all is so still, as on a holy day, and the pure little pebbles click shyly beneath my tread,—all full of awe and expectation till He comes,—He, for whom I wait,—or has He, perchance, been here already? and has so prepared all for me, that I may perceive it was He to whom the sun-laden twigs bowed themselves, and after whom the waves murmured to my feet. I would sing about it, but the little zephyr that went to seek him in that tuft of trees, returns again, and has not found him, is silent and stirs no more, so must I, too, be dumb.

TO BETTINE.

Thy letter gives me joy; in it is a healthy, cheerful life, such as I have always loved in thee. Thou makst use of a speech that might be called a style, if it were not contrary to all traditional precepts. Poesy is always genuine style, just as it streams from the spirit in harmonious waves, what is unworthy of this should not be thought at all; each event of the spirit's life should be poetically regarded, else it suffers detriment, as I experienced this morning when I received from the old family shoemaker at Henault a bill for seventeen florins, which I cannot pay; poetically to end this dilemma I offer thee the little Apollo as a pledge together with Turkheim's laurel crown; give me the gold.

As soon as thou hast taken some lessons in history, write me about them; especially in what way thy tutor instructs, and whether thou findest a true pleasure in it. I have written diligently on the Tale, but anything so light as I had

planned at first will not succeed with me, my mood is often very sad* and I have not power over it.

Greet Clemens for me when you write ; I mean to write to him, and am only waiting for a livelier hour in myself, that I may with a clear conscience reproach him for his discontent and whims.

CAROLINE.

TO GÜNDERODE.

There is gold in the desk before the great mirror, in the third drawer to the left, and perhaps in some of the other drawers ; take them all out and see whether some has not fallen through. The key is beneath the flower-pot on the balcony in which the monk's-hood flowers are ; keep the Apollo free from dust, and dont let the flies spot it or the laurel crown, and of style know I nothing except from thee ; nothing superfluous, only what belongs to the thing should I write. I take care of my letters as of the apple-trees ; clear away caterpillar's nests and barren twigs till they are quite bald. It is written thou shalt give account of every idle word, and since this cannot be denied, let us govern ourselves accordingly. Man receives the spirit with thoughts and words, these are the apartments in which he harbors it, the robes of honor in which he arrays it, but these must be transparent and fit exactly and in the spaces plainly, for what he does not fill out that builds him in. I observe that men are very stupid and go a fearful way round about from the centre ; indeed to me each truth seems a centre which we only revolve around, but never touch. Yesterday I was reading to grandmamma from Hemsterhuis, she said, "That is a noble thought ;" then gave me a ginger-nut ; at that time came into my head this thought.

* See Correspondence with a Child, Story of Gunderode, for an account of this Tale.

MONDAY.

The history-teacher comes three times a week, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, clinched in between two lazy days at each end, Friday and Saturday at one, Sunday and Monday at the other. He instructs me so that I probably shall turn my back forever to the future, and might get cheated out of the sweet present, if the unripe apricots in grand-mamma's garden did not excite my thievish disposition, through which I think to obtain something more to be appreciated by my understanding than "The history of Egypt is in the early stages dark and uncertain." Though this is lucky, else we should be plagued with it. "Menes is the first king of whom we know anything." This I should like, if we knew anything to signify. "He built Memphis, and turned the Nile into a safer channel. Mæris dug out lake Mæris to hinder the pernicious overflowings of the Nile. He was followed by Sesostriis the conqueror, who killed himself." Why?—was he handsome?—was he ever in love? Was he young?—was he melancholy? To all these questions no answer from the teacher except that he might, with more probability, be regarded as old. I demonstrated that he must have been young, merely to set agoing the wheels of time that already stuck fast in the history-mud of weariness. Then we scrambled on to Busiris who built Thebes, Psammetichus who took the divided states under his wing; then the wars with Babylon, and Nebuchadnezzar, from whom Cambyses, son of Cyrus, takes it again. The Egyptians unite with Lybia, make themselves again free, war with the Persians; down to Alexander is strife, and here, to my delight, this history comes to an end. This is the import of the first lesson. Thou seest I have been attentive. But had I not been spurred on by the need to chase away weariness, and to show thee how useless it is anew to kindle the ashes from which nature cannot a second time extract a salt, since

there can no more be a glow; I had said rather, let us leave the old rulers to moulder in their pyramids. Spring swells the earth, everywhere the buds are putting forth, green is dawning amid the folded leaves,—even so puts forth my mind,—such spirit swells rapturous on my lips, my thoughts are ready to burst their coy sheaths and buds. I was in the wood this morning on the Chaussee, with early dawn, which laid a saffron bandeau round the tree-tops; on the moist ground I found blue forget-me-nots, and golden buttercups; it was so moist, so warm, so mossy, so burning to my face, so cooling from the ground! The dew was so heavy that I got completely wet; as I came home, the tutor met me with the eighteen hundredth year of the world, in which Nimrod founded Babylon. I would not ask who Nimrod was, for fear he should tell me, and it would be so useless to know it. If Nimrod was a good person who might please me better than the men who now live, I would consent to grant him the duration of immortality, but the tutor followed up directly with the Assyrian Ninus who conquered the kingdom from whence he mastered central Asia; then he ran on without pause till he had freed the empire again through Nabopolasar, of whom, also, I know not whence he came flying. Nebuchadnezzar conquered Egypt, Babylonians, Assyrians, Medes made war, more conquests till Cyrus the Persian,—Babylonian history embraces 1600 years, began at eleven o'clock—now clock struck twelve, I spring into the garden.

FRIDAY.

This morning the history man did not come, so I studied thorough bass, of this I may say I learned something; it brought me thoughts, it speaks to me as a mystery although Hoffman says all is clear as day. This I allow, but also is

clear day a mystery, so well as the simple Harmony-interval of which Hoffman said to-day, "Regard the Tonic, not only by itself, but also in reference to every other Tonic, as to its related mode of modulation, and which, also, in the degree of its relationship, has reference to all collateral relationships, and thence again, as such, can make itself valid, so sees one easily how all possible combinations of three tones by means of simple harmony-springs can follow one another." I believe but understand it not,—“consider”—but can one consider as one will. If I should consider the clouds as my down-bed, that will not make them come down and cover me. The little Hoffman looked at me, astonished at my stupidity; it made him stupid too, he had nothing to say. At last, he said with kindness that, next time, he should certainly be able to find a form that would make the thing intelligible to me; he then went on to the practice on the instrument, where he must spring with a thousand harmony-springs. Soon came the next lesson and I must try, in the dance of the chords, whether my spirit, also, would make a bold spring, or whether I am born to learn creeping, like a caterpillar. Truly I should like to know—but not as in the old worm-eaten history. Ah heaven!—I have no prospect. Yesterday evening I went into the garden, after tea, there heard I thoroughly the grass grow, but such things help not as to judgment and understanding. The green apples on the wall, the downy peaches must I respect, for they evidently grow, but I—then I tried to think what I had ever learned, and could not even remember the little prayer that I said each day for four years. The Lord's prayer,—the Creed—the Salve I only know in parts, and this whole summer evening which made me so happy, I kept saying in hope to patch together a Credo, “Ascended to heaven”—write in thy next letter what comes next,—yet, in fact, “ascended to

heaven" was a good end, if thou also hast forgotten the rest, it is no matter; neither of us need know it, but something does come after, of that I am sure.

SATURDAY.

Ah! yesterday was a day full of sunshine; the flies and beetles have so danced and hummed; they know how to revel in joy. I have listened to them in the high grass, roofed over by the linen, which is laid out there to bleach. The old Cousine watered it several times at noon, it was some-time before single drops dripped through and wet me. I heard, as I lay there, the rehearsal of the symphony which sounded out from the Boskett on my uncultured ear, and astonished it where it could not comprehend. Music, in tones borne through the air, streaming out upon us the whole power of revelation, and then hovering away;—who can wake it again when it has ceased to vibrate. I am so silly, it makes me despair that it has ceased, and I could win nothing from it. So will it be many times more—*it will sound and I shall not seize it*. Yesterday I talked with grandmamma, who said "the heart receives what the understanding cannot conceive,"—that yet again understand I not.

This morning Hoffman said "The simple Harmony-interval is when, between two chords that follow one another, a harmony is heard in the understanding." I hear not this harmony in the understanding. I am wholly penetrated with what I feel, not what I understand. Believe it—music works, inspires, enchants, not through what we hear, but through the might of the passed over between lying harmonies; these hold the audible corporeal powers of music through their inaudible spiritual power combined with themselves. That is the vast effect on us, that we through the heard are excited to the unheard, for we are through *one* tone brought into relation with all, and through all with each in

particular ;—I may say I have during the music lesson fallen upon the thought how God has created the world. The great word, **LET THERE BE**, shone in upon me. Without the one is all nothing, without the all the one is nothing. In each breath circulates the whole creation, Fire, Earth, Air, and Water ;—all life and all being is in the alliance of these four spirits which are the life of the universe. These four mutually shape and produce one another in the spirit where they are united. Music is self-production of these four elements in one another. In each being that lives are produced these elements ; that is spirit, that is music. The animal also has music ; he is sensuously penetrated by water, air, earth, and fire, by their spirit, which manifests itself in him, therefore is it so excited by music, because the senses slumber in it, dream, and all has a like right to divinity, which, through self-production of the elements in it, is elevated to spirit. I have written ; I stare upon the lines and know not what I wished to say. In the light of day is dissipated the spirit-host of thoughts, but there beneath the linen, where the sun dripped in with the drops of water, where I lay all imprisoned in the net of blooming grasses, there was it clear to me. Not what we can perceive with the senses is the true delight, no,—much more that which moves our senses to re-create, live a second life, is delight. To produce ! Enough ! the spirits were mighty within me during the music,—distinctly they called to me, take a violin, and join in, thus as thou feelest that thou canst aid in bringing out the stream of harmony, and canst raise it and give it force by the rush of thine own inspiration,—stretch thyself out on the height, feel thyself in each tone through the relationship of thy voice with it. Should any man understand and apply with intelligence the science of harmony, he must secretly govern the world, unmarked by any man, and the whole universe must sound to him like one symphony, and the whole

world-history would drum, and pipe, and harp for his good pleasure.

Yes, I understand it, but I will not say it so to Hoffman; to him will I interpret the first, second, and third degrees of all relationships, and how all is subject to me to make use of, how I to each man can transmit the dominion, and take it away again, and how I ever must reign thus while I swim with the stream of divine harmony.

Adieu, I stretch out my claws like a crab, from the low ground of my perceptions, and seize what I can first snatch to wind myself out of my own ignorance.

TO BETTINE.

Hold out yet awhile with thy history-teacher; that he should describe to thee, as briefly as may be, the physiognomies of the nations is quite essential. Now that thou knowest about the contests between Egypt and Babylon, Media and Assyria, they will no longer lie as a stagnant pool in thy imagination. Active and energetic in each undertaking, what they undertook was well nigh beyond our power of conception. They tarried not, but hastened from the beginning to the end; their lives were toiled away as a day's labor in the building of their cities, of their temples; their rulers were full of thought, and comprehensively heroic in their plans; the little that we know of them gives us an idea of their strength of will, which was greater than the present time admits, and leads to the conception of what the human soul might be, if it grew on and on in simple service of itself. It is with soul-nature as with earth-nature, a vineyard planted on a desert hill, through the wine the power of the ground will work upon thy senses; so will the soul work upon thy senses, which, penetrated by the spirit, pours forth the wine of art or poesy, also of higher revelation. The soul

is like a stony field, which, perhaps, gives the vine just that peculiar fire to wake the hidden powers, and to attain what we, perhaps, would not dare expect from any genius. But thou standest like a lazy boy looking at his task for the day; thou art disheartened, and canst not believe it is possible for thee to make fruitful the stony ground over which thorns and thistles are strewing their winged seeds. Meanwhile the wind has buried many a noble germ in this savage Steppe, which are springing up to triumph in thousand-fold blossoms. Thy shy look ventures not to lay hold on the spirit within thyself. Thou passest thy own nature defyingly by. Thou dost damp its brightest powers by petulant conspiracy against the perceptive faculties, which then again suddenly carry thee off, before thou art aware, for, in the very midst of thy Desolation-litany, the fire sparkles out,—whence comes that? Have the earth-spirits breathed it into thee?—has it fallen down to thee from heaven?—dost thou sip it as air into thee? I know not whether to warn thee or silently let thee take thy own way, and trust to what is written in thy face—I know not. I might do so, but that, at times, I am anxious when, as in thy last letter, I perceive faculties in thee which, lazily resting on themselves, give forth scarce a sound, as if held in the bonds of sleep, and if they stir, it is as if in a dream, and thou thyself sleepest so much the sounder, for such explosions. Do I right to say this to thee?—here I am troubled again, one should not wake him who sleeps in the thunder-storm. Thou dost often appear to me as if electric clouds were discharging in the sultry air above thy sleeping head. The lightning glances over thy closed lids, enlightens thy own dream, irradiates it with inspiration, so that thou speakest out loud, without knowing what thou sayst, and sleepest on. Yes, so is it. For thy curiosity must be, in the highest degree, excited by all which thy Genius says to thee, despite thy oft not venturing to understand him. For thou art cow-

ardly; his instructions call upon thee to think, that wilt thou not, thou wilt not be awaked. Thou wouldst sleep on. Vengeance will be taken on thee; wouldst thou so repel the lover who should eagerly approach thee?—would not that be sin? I think not of myself, nor of Clemens, who with such care watches all thy motions,—I think of thyself, thy own spirit who so faithfully watches over thee and is so petulantly repelled. The nearer the hills, the greater their shadows; perhaps the present satisfies not, because what lies near us throws shadows on our contemplation, thence it is good that light from the past should shine on the dark present. Therefore the history seemed to me important, to stimulate the indolent plant-life of thy thoughts,—in it lies the power of all culture; the past urges onwards, by its hand all germs of development are sown within us. It is one of the two worlds of eternity that roll through the soul of man, the other is the future, thence come, thither hasten the waves of thought. Were the thought merely the moment born within us? This is not so. Thy Genius is from eternity, indeed, yet he comes to thee through the past, which is hastening to the future where it may be fructified, that is present, the proper living; each moment that does not, thus pervaded, keep growing into the future is lost time for which we shall be called to give account. This account is nothing but a recalling of the past, a means to bring back what is lost, for, with the recognition of what has been neglected, falls dew on the fallow fields of the past, and the germs are animated to grow into the future. Thou thyself didst say to me, as the thistle-bush, round which, in the spring, we had seen so many bees and humble-bees swarming, scattered its seed-flocks on the steps; “See the wind bearing the seeds of the past into the future.” And on the Grunen-burg in the night, when we could not sleep because of the storm,—didst thou not say “the wind comes from the distance, its voice sounds hither

from the past, and its fine piping expresses its eagerness to hasten on to the future." From all thy prattle, jests and wild sallies of that night, have I kept this, and can now serve thee for dessert with thy own raisins which thou dost so carelessly scatter about in thy musical abstractions. Thou remindest me of the stork and the fox; I, poor little fox, offered thee the flat dish of history; then thou, long-bill, hast diligently sought out the long-necked flask of thorough-bass and science of harmony, before which I must stand empty and famishing. The Jew* brought me the nosegay; the junipers I planted behind the Apollo, they breathe aromatically round him; the blue pearls and the delicate needles point towards him. When thou comest we will burn them in the wind-furnace, in my chamber, and all bad omens with them, so be not impatient if I sometimes heat thee a little; I enjoy my merry little fire.

CAROLINE.

Be for my sake steadfast awhile; trust me, the history ground-work is entirely fit for thy fancies, thy conceptions, indeed, necessary for them. When wilt thou collect thyself, if thou hast no ground beneath thee? Canst thou not be composed to receive this influence? Perhaps because what thou shouldst grasp is too strong for thee. Perhaps because he who, with joyful heart, leaped into the gulf to save his people was, through the past, inspired for the future, while thou hast no reverence for the love of country. Perhaps because he, who laid his hand in the fire, did it from the love of truth, while thou canst not be done with bringing lies to sustain thy fantastic flights, to which alone thou payest honor, and not to the full, sweet grapes of revelation that ripen on thy lips.

* A messenger who went daily from Offenbach to Frankfort.

I am curious to know whether Hoffman will understand thy musical illuminations beneath the wet linen. If he is to understand whether thou hast rightly understood, thou must offer him thy harmonic vertigos in clearer modulations than to me. It is this alone—this sacred clearness—that can give us assurance whether spirits lovingly embrace us. If only thy music might not come quickly to an end, like thy studying languages, thy irruptions into physics, and thy essays on philosophy, mere whimsies in thy existence, while thou art too much elated to travel along plain ground without making, each moment, a somerset against thy will.

CAROLINE.

TO GÜNDERODE.

Thou shinest on me with thy intellect, thou Muse, and comest where I sit by the way-side to strew salt on my dry bread. I hold thee dear—whistle before my window in the black midnight, and I tear myself away from my moonlight dream, and go with thee. Thy Schelling's-philosophy is to me, indeed, a pit; it makes me giddy to look down and see where I might break my neck, trying to find my way through the dark gulf, yet for thy love I would creep through on all fours. And the Lunenburgh heath of the past, which finds no end and grows broader with each step; thou sayst, in the letter which thou hast written so long for my sake, I need all this to make me reflect, to know myself; I will not contradict thee! Couldst thou but discern the mischievous, terrific ghosts that follow me in this history-desert, and bar the way to the holy temple of inspiration, where thou art walking so calmly, and make to me insecure and dismal the magic gardens of phantasy, which receive thee in their thousand colored groves. When the tutor opens his mouth, I look into it as an impenetrable gulf which spews forth the mammoth-bones of the past and all sorts of fossil-stuff that

never bud or bloom to pay back sun and rain. Meanwhile the ground burns beneath my feet for the sake of the present, which I would fain be wooing without first laying myself on the anvil of the past, there to be hammered flat. Thou speakest of my perceptive faculties with respect;—if I have received aught from the past, as thou thinkest, if I understand thee, I know not how it happened. Is it the Genius that comes wandering this way? Wouldst thou so persuade me,—fine rogue? My Genius, the fair-haired, whose beard has not yet begun to grow, wouldst thou persuade me that he will start up out of the mould, like a mushroom? Truly there are spirits that revolve round their own centres like suns; they come no-whence, and go no-whither, they dance upon the place, giddiness is their delight, mine is therewith fully enchanted. I let myself be made giddy with him. The intoxication gives double power, it carries me up, and if it, in its wildness, gives me up to the mercy of the four winds, that affrights me not, I am happy as they play ball with me,—the spirits of the air. Presently I stand again upon my feet, my Genius sets me down softly—this thou callst sleeping in the sultry air—this thou callst cowardly? I am not cowardly—his inspirations summon me to think, thou sayst—and I had rather sleep, thou sayst;—ah Heaven! Thinking I have forsworn, but I am awake and fiery in the spirit. What shall I think, when my eyes look yon past behind me into the darkness; how can I fasten them on the morrow, that carries me hastily onward. It is the present that tears me away with it into the uncertain blue, yes, into the uncertain, but, also, toward the heavenly, golden-locked, radiant face of the Sun-god, who powerfully urges his steeds; and beyond nothing. Evening receives me into her bosom, musing lie I there awhile, look into the distance; great heroes come forward on the full high-road of history, I hear the trampling of their mighty steeds; I would away to carry the

mighty banner before them, how would I rejoice in the breezes that flutter therein, how would I rejoice in my own locks that, borne back in the exulting gallop, play round me, lightly touching my cheeks. Now bold rushing on into life, now impetuous behind Him over the heath! How merry, upwards, forwards, down through the thick smoke. Who beckons on the hill, his eye rests upon me, his drums direct, his trumpet calls!—and then in the night—before his tent!—and sleep sound, for He, the Genius of the Time, will wake at the right hour, and beneath the shelter of his wings I look out upon the fields, see him overflow them, awake the nations, kindle them with his look, till they joyfully wed death or the grave, crowned with laurels,—now, comrade, wilt thou with me?

To-day has the past been spewed out, as briefly as possible, for I was seated on the roof; the Assyrian empire founded by Asser shortly after the foundation of the Babylonian empire; the word founded always distracts my attention, ever since the convent where I must so often read how the holy Boniface founded the holy order of the Benedictines, or Antony of Padua, or Francis, &c.; it reminds me of the battles that these holy captains had to wage with the devil, and then I think of all nations, who were fighting, horned and cloven-footed, spitting fire and breathing out pestilential vapor, which the past blows over me. But the holy Assyrians in cowls that make the battle very heavy to them! I think, I think—of all the devils. Meanwhile Ninus, the conqueror, has whisked over from central Asia, built Ninevah, the capital of Assyria, is dead, his war-and building-loving wife, Semiramis, has yet a bit of Babylon left to build, and makes brilliant campaigns; all that was lost through the convent and wood-demons, together with holy founders of orders. Through artifices and questions, however, I get from the teacher that nothing further came to pass. Over

the story of Semiramis has the past let grow such thick mould, that only through the blue eye of immortality her name looks out, else knew we quite nothing. Afterwards, the Medes conquered Assyria, it made itself again free until the Babylonian king Nabopolasar (who makes me think of a centaur, because the syllable-fall of his name is somewhat like the gallop of a light Arabian courser) acquires it and divides it with Persia. Herewith the past could not have done for to-day, but announces further. "The oldest history of the Medes is unknown. Arbaces, freed through conquest of Sardanapalus from the Assyrian yoke, in the year of the world 3108, carefully measured; the teacher's fancy stretches itself solely in the year of the world. Dejoces built Ecbatana, (read Tian's illustrations of this magnificent city.) As tyages (whence came he hither?) weds his daughter to the Persian king, Cambyses, whose son Cyrus cast down his grandfather from the throne (who, however, remained seated there too long)—he unites Media, Assyria, and Persia, and founds the great Medo-Persian empire;—the Jew Hirsch, from the race of Esau, stretches in his rough hand to take possession of it, he will keep it under the yoke in his old sack, till thou freest it; if thou dost put it in the furnace with the old papers thou wilt destroy for me some very hard-won past.

Write of the Tale.

BETTINE.

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